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THE
IL IAD
OF
HOMER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK
By ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*Te sequor, O Graia gentis decus ! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis :
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem.
Quod te imitari aueo*

LUCRET.



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THE
I L I A D.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The Contention of Achilles and Agamemnon.

IN the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseis and Briseis, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her : with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, intreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseis. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies ; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseis in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks ; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit, incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book ; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Ethiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly goddess, sing !
VOL. I. A

That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
 The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
 Whose limbs, unbury'd on the naked shore, 5
 Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;
 Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
 Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Declare, O Muse! in what ill fated hour
 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended pow'r? 10
 Latona's son, a dire contagion spread,
 And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
 The king of men his rev'rend priest defy'd,
 And for the king's offence the people dy'd.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain 15
 His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
 Suppliant the venerable father stands
 Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
 By these he begs; and lowly bending down
 Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown. 20
 He su'd to all, but chief implor'd for grace
 The brother kings of Atreus' royal race.

Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
 And Troy's proud walls ly level with the ground:
 May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er, 25
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
 But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
 And give Chryseis to these arms again;
 If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
 And dread avenging Phcebus, son of Jove. 30

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
 The priest to rev'rence, and release the fair.
 Not so Atrides; he, with kingly pride,
 Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus reply'd!

Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains, 35
 Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;
 Hence, with thy laurel crown and golden rod,
 Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
 Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
 And pray'rs, and tears, and bribes shall plead in vain;
 'Till time shall rifle ev'ry youthful grace, 41
 And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
 In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
 Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.

Hence then ; to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil and weeping sire. 45

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, nor daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main ; 50
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays.

O Smintheus ! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian pow'r of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light ! whom Tenedos adores, 55
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores :
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane ;
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain ;
God of the silver bow ! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy. 60

Thus Chryses pray'd : the fav'ring pow'r attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow the Grecian hearts to wound ;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread, 65
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The flect in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hyssing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began ;
And last the vengeful arrows fix'd in man. 70
For nine long nights, thro' all the dusky air
The Pyres thick flaming shot a dismal glare.
But e'er the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like sun
Conven'd to council all the Grecian train ; 75
For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men address :

Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we cross'd before ? 80
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage ;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove, 85
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.

If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
 Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
 So heav'n aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
 And Phoebus dart his burning shafts no more. 90

He said, and sat; when Chalcas thus reply'd:
 Chalcasthe wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
 That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
 The past, the present, and the future knew:
 Uprising slow, the venerable sage 95
 Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age.

Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know
 Why angry Phoebus bends his fatal bow?
 First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
 Of sure protection by thy pow'r and sword. 100
 For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
 And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
 Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,
 Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
 For tho' we deem the short liv'd fury past, 105
 'Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last.

To whom Pelides: From thy inmost soul
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul.
 Ev'n by that god I swear, who rules the day,
 To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey, 110
 And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;
 Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
 No daring Greek of all the num'rous band,
 Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
 Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led, 115
 The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies:
 Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
 Nor he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
 Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest, 120
 Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
 But plagues shall spread, and fun'ral fires increase,
 Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
 To her own Chryses send the black-ey'd maid.
 Perhaps, with added sacrifice and pray'r, 125
 The priest may pardon, and the god may spare.

The prophet spoke; when, with a gloomy frown,
 The monarch started from his shining throne;

Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire. 130
Augur accur'st! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd, 135
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd;
Is heaven offended, and a priest profan'd,
Because my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold? 140
A maid unmatched in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with ev'ry grace.
Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.
Yet if the gods demand her, let her sail; 145
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine. 150
But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.
Insatiate king, (Achilles thus replies,) 155
Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well fought field?
The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain; 160
But to resume what'er thy av'rice craves,
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs 165
Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs.

Then thus the king: Shall I my prize resign,
With tame content, and thou possess of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right. 170

At thy demand shall I restore the maid ?
 First let the just equivalent be paid ;
 Such as a king might ask ; and let it be
 A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
 Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim 175
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
 The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
 Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain ;
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain. 180
 But this when time requires—It now remains
 We launch a bark to plow the wat'ry plains,
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
 With chosen pilots, and with lab'ring oars.
 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend, 185
 And some deputed prince the charge attend ;
 This Creta's king or Ajax shall fulfil,
 Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will ;
 Or if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
 Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main ; 190
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
 The god propitiate, and pest the assuage.
 At this Pelides, frowning stern reply'd :
 O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride !
 Inglorious slave to int'rest ever join'd 195
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind !
 What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword ?
 What cause have I to war at thy decree ?
 The distant Trojans never injur'd me : 200
 To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led ;
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed ;
 Far hence remov'd, the horse-resounding main,
 And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace, 205
 Rich in her fruits and in her martial race.
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
 To avenge a private, not a public wrong :
 What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause ? 210
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve ?

And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine, 215
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Tho' mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war. 220
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?
To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly; 225
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the gods distinguish'd care)
To pow'r superior none such hatred bear: 230
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 'twas heav'n that strength bestow'd,
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God,
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away, 235
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear. 240
Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize, 245
Thy lov'd Briseis with the radiant eyes.
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r;
And hence to all our hosts it shall be known,
That kings are subject to the god's alone. 250
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress,
His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:

That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword, 255
 Force thro' the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord :
 This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While half-unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring blade, 260
 Minerva swift descended from above,
 Sent by the sister * and the wife of Jove ;
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care) ;
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
 Achilles seiz'd ; to him alone confest ; 265
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
 He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
 Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes.

Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,
 A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear 270
 From Atreus' son ? Then let those eyes that view
 The daring crime behold the vengeance too.

Forbear ! (the progeny of Jove replies) ;
 To calm thy fury I forsake the skies :
 Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd, 275
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
 By awful Juno this command is giv'n ;
 The king and you are both the care of heav'n.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
 But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel. 280
 For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
 Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,
 When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
 And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
 Then let revenge no longer bear the sway, 285
 Command thy passions, and the gods obey.

To her Pelides : With regardful ear,
 'Tis just, O goddess ! I thy dictates hear.
 Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress ;
 Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless. 290
 He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid ;
 Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
 The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
 And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook, 295
 Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke.

* Juno.

O monster ! mix'd of insolence and fear ;
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer !
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war ? 300
'Tis ours the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 'tis safer thro' the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base ! 305
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre, hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear, 310
Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree ;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs : 315
(Tremendous oath ! inviolate to kings) :
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead, 320
'Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save ;
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.

He spoke ; and furious hurl'd against the ground 325
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage, 330
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd ;
Two generations now had past away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway ;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd, 335
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man ;
Who thus, with mild benevolence, began :

What shame, what woe is this to Greece ! what joy
 To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy ! 340
 That adverse gods commit to stern debate
 The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
 Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
 Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
 A godlike race of heroes once I knew, 345
 Such, as no more these aged eyes shall view !
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name ;
 Theseus, endu'd with more than mortal might,
 Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight ? 350
 With these of old to toils of battle bred,
 In early youth my hardy days I led ;
 Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
 And smit with love of honourable deeds.
 Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain-boar,
 Rang'd the wild deserts red with monsters gore, } 356
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore :
 Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd ;
 When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
 If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise, 360
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise,
 Atrides, seize not on the beautiful slave ;
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave :
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride :
 Let kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside. 365
 Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,
 Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born ;
 Him, awful majesty exalts above
 The pow'r's of earth, and scepter'd sons of Jove.
 Let both unite with well-consenting mind, 370
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.
 Leave me, O king ! to calm Achilles' rage ;
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.
 Forbid it, gods ! Achilles should be lost,
 The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host. 375
 This said, he ceas'd : The king of men replies :
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect control.

Before his pride must his superiors fall, 380
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
 What king can bear a rival in his sway?
 Grant that the gods his matchless force has giv'n;
 Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n? 385

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
 And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke.
 Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
 Should I submit to each unjust decree : 390
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.
 Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doom'd
 My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
 And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
 His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause. 395.
 The gods command me to forgive the past;
 But let this first invasion be the last:
 For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
 Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.

At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd; 400
 The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
 Where near the tents his hollow vessels lay.
 Meantime Atrides launch'd with num'rous oars
 A well-rigg'd ship from Crysa's sacred shores : 405
 High on the deck was fair Chryseis plac'd.
 And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd:
 Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
 Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate, next the king prepares, 410
 With pure lustrations, and with solemn pray'rs.
 Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
 Are cleans'd; and cast the ablutions in the main.
 Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
 And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid. 415
 The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
 And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
 Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd,
 To wait his will two sacred heralds stood, 420
 Talthibius and Eurybates the good.

Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent, (he cries,)
Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize :
Submit he must ; or if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart.* 425

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands ;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands :
Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand, 430
Loth to advance, or speak their hard command ;
Decent confusion ! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began.

With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and gods ! 435

I know your message ; by constraint you came ;
Not you, but your impetuous lord I blame.
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseis bring ;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow, 440
Witness to gods above, and men below !

But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear ;
Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
'Tho' prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry vein : 445
The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought ; 450
She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
Past silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore ;
But sad retiring to the sounding shore, 455
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung :
There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main.

O parent goddess : since in early bloom, 460
Thy son must fall by too severe a doom ;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn :

Honour and fame at least the thund'rer ow'd
And ill he pays the promise of a god; 465
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.

Far in the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his wat'ry reign,
The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide; 470
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.
Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause and trust a parent's care. 475

He deeply sighing said: To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebe, sacred to Apollo's name,
(Aetion's realms,) our conqu'ring army came,
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils, 480
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;
But bright Chryseis, heav'nly prize! was led,
By vote selected, to the gen'ral's bed.

The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain; 485
The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare, 490
The priest to rev'rence, and release the fair;
Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,
The sire insulted, and his gifts deny'd:
Th' insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the pray'r: 495

A dreadful plague ensues: the avenging darts
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inspir'd by heav'n, arose,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:
Myself the first the assembled chiefs incline 500
T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine:
Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryseis to her sire was sent,
With offer'd gifts to make the gods relent. 505

But now he seiz'd Briseis' heav'nly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train ;
And service, faith and justice plead in vain.
But, goddess ! thou thy suppliant son attend, 510
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring god.
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,
That thou stood'st forth, of all th' ætherial host, 515
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n, 520
Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n.
Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came,
(Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name,)
Thro' wond'ring skies enormous stalk'd along ;
Not he* that shakes the solid earth so strong : 525
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands ;
Th' affrighted god's confess'd their awful lord,
They dropt the fetters, trembled and ador'd.
This, goddess, this to his remembrance call, 530
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall ;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king ; 535
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race.
Unhappy son ! (fair Thetis thus replies, 540
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes,)
Why have I born thee with a mother's throes,
To fates adverse, and nurs'd for future woes ?
So short a space ! the light of heav'n to view !
So short a space ! and fill'd with sorrow too ! 545
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,

* Neptune.

And thou, from camp's remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas ! too nearly threatens my son.
Yet, (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go 550
To great Olympus, crown'd with fleecy snow.
Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The sire of gods, and all th' æthereal train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main, 555
Shall mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feast of Æthiopia's blameless race ;
Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move 560
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

The goddess spoke : the rolling waves unclosed ;
Then down the deep she plung'd from whence she rose,
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
In wild resentment for the fair he lost. 565

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode ;
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd :
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And dropt their anchors, and the pinnace ty'd.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land, 570
Chryseis last descending on the strand.

Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane ;
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said : 575

Hail, rev'rend priest ! to Phœbus' awful doom
A suppliant I from great Atrides come :
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair ;
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare ;
And may thy god who scatters darts around, 580
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.

At this the sire embrac'd the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain,
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring ; 585
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred off'ring of the salted cake ;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his pray'r :

God of the silver bow, thy ear incline, 590
 Whose pow'r encircles Cilla the divine;
 Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
 And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
 If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,
 Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest; 595
 Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
 And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.
 So Chryses pray'd; Apollo heard his pray'r:
 And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
 Between their horns the salted barley threw, 600
 And with their heads to heav'n the victims slew:
 The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide;
 The thighs, selected to the gods, divide:
 On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part. 605
 The priest himself before his altar stands,
 And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,
 Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
 The youth with instruments surround the fire:
 The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest, 610
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare;
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
 When now the rage of hunger was repress,
 With pure libations they conclude the feast; 615
 The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
 And pleas'd dispense the flowing bowls around.
 With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
 The pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:
 The Greeks restor'd, the grateful notes prolong; 620
 Apollo listens, and approves the song.
 'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel ly,
 Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky;
 Then launch, and hoist the mast; indulgent gales,
 Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails; 625
 The milk-white canvass bellying as they blow,
 The parted ocean foams and roars below:
 Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
 Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
 Far on the beach they haul their bark to land, 630
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand,)

en part where stretch'd along the winding bay,
 e ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.
 But raging still amidst his navy sat
 e stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate; 635
 or mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
 t wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
 his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
 nd scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.
 Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light
 e gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height: 641
 ve first ascending from the watry bow'rs,
 ads the long order of æthereal pow'rs.
 hen like the morning mist in early day,
 ose from the flood the daughter of the sea; 645
 nd to the seats divine her flight address.
 here, far apart and high above the rest,
 he thund'rer sat; where old Olympus shrouds
 is hundred heads in heav'n, and props the clouds.
 uppliant the goddess stood; one hand she plac'd 650
 eneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.
 f e'er, O father of the gods! she said,
 My words could please thee, or my actions aid,
 ome marks of honour on my son bestow,
 And pay in glory what in life you owe. 655
 Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
 To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.
 Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!
 Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise,
 Fill the proud king, and all th' Achaian race, 660
 Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
 The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.
 Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer prest,
 Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request. 665
 O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear,
 Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear;
 Or oh! declare, of all the pow'rs above
 Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?

She said, and sighing thus the god replies, 670
 Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:
 What hast thou ask'd? Ah why should Jove engage
 In foreign contests, and domestic rage,

- The gods complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
 While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms? 675
 Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
 With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
 But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped:
 Witness the sacred honours of our head,
 The nod that ratifies the will divine, 680
 The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;
 This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows—
 He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
 Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
 The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god: 685
 High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
 And all Olympus to the center shook.
 Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,
 Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
 The shining synod of th' immortals wait 690
 The coming god, and from their thrones of state
 Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,
 Before the majesty of heav'n appear.
 Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
 All, but the god's imperious queen alone: 695
 Late had she view'd the silver-sooted dame,
 And all her passions kindled into shame.
 Say, artful manager of heav'n, (she cries),
 Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
 Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate, 700
 In vain the partner of imperial state.
 What fav'rite goddess then those cares divides,
 Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?
 To this the thund'rer: Seek not thou to find
 Thy sacred counsels of almighty mind: 705
 Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,
 Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.
 What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;
 The first of gods above, and men below; 709
 But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll
 Deep in the close recesses of my soul.
 Full on the sire the goddess of the skies
 Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
 And thus return'd, Austere Saturnius, say, 714
 From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?

Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.
But 'tis for Greece I fear: for late was seen,
In close consult, the silver-footed queen.

Love to his Thetis nothing could deny, 720
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favour has the goddess won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable son?

Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain. 725

Then thus the god: Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heav'n resolves to hide;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhor'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.

Let this suffice; th' immutable decree 730

No force can shake: what *is*, that *ought* to be.
Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the pow'r of this avenging hand;
Th' united strength of all the gods above
In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove. 735

The thund'rer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;
A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky.

The feast disturb'd with sorrow Vulcan saw,
His mother menac'd, and the gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design, 740
'Thus interpos'd the architect divine.

The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are fare unworthy, gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We in eternal peace, and constant joy. 745

Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky;
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.
If you submit, the thund'rer stands pleas'd; 750
The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd.

Thus Vulcan spoke; and rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
Goddess, (he cry'd,) be patient and obey. 755
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.

What god so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your casue I felt his matchless might, 760
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' æthereal height;
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast, 765
He said aid to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd,
Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with aukward grace his office plies, 770
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.
Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound: 775
Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head, 780
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

THE
I L I A D.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

The trial of the army, and the catalogue of the forces.

PITER, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle, in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and, upon moving for a return to Greece they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

NOW pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders ly,
Th' immortal slumber'd on their thrones above,
All but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove.
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war;

Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,
 And thus commands the vision of the night :
 Fly hence, deluding Dream ! and light as air
 To Agamemnon's ample tent repair. 10
 Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattel'd train,
 Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.
 Declare, ev'n now 'tis giv'n him to destroy
 The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended Troy ;
 For now no more the gods with fate contend, 15
 At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end,
 Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
 And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
 Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,
 Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head ; 20
 Cloth'd in the figure of the Pylian sage,
 Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age ;
 Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
 And thus the flatt'ring dream deceives the King.
 Canst thou, with all a monarch's care oppress, 25
 Oh Atreus' son ! canst thou indulge thy rest ?
 Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
 Directs in council, and in war presides,
 To whom its safety a whole people owes,
 To waste long nights in indolent repose. 30
 Monarch, awake ! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
 Thou and thy glory claim his heav'nly care.
 In just array draw forth th' embattel'd train,
 Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain ;
 Ev'n now, O king ! 'tis giv'n thee to destroy 35
 The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended Troy :
 For now no more the gods with fate contend,
 At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.
 Destruction hangs o'er yon' devoted wall,
 And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall. 40
 Awake, but waking this advice approve,
 And trust the vision that descends from Jove.
 The phantom said ; then vanish'd from his sight,
 Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.
 A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ ; 45
 Elate in thought, he sacks untaken Troy :
 Vain as he was, and to the future blind ;
 Nor saw what Jove and secret fate design'd,

Book II.	HOMER'S ILIAD.	25
at mighty toils to either host remain,		
at scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain!	60	
er he rises, and in fancy hears		
voice celestial murm'ring in his ears.		
on his limbs a slender vest he drew,		
und him next the regal mantle threw,		
embroider'd sandals on his feet were ty'd ;	55	
starry faulchion glitter'd at his side ;		
last his arm the massy sceptre loads,		
tain'd, immortal, and the gift of gods.		
ow rosy morn ascends the court of Jove,		
up her light, and opens day above.	60	
eking dispatch'd his heralds with commands		
range the camp, and summon all the bands ;		
gath'ring hosts the monarch's word obey ;		
ile to the fleet Atrides bends his way.		
is black ship the Pylian prince he found ;	65	
re calls a senate of the peers around :		
assembly plac'd, the king of men exprest		
counsels lab'ring in his artful breast.		
riends and confed'rates ! with attentive ear		
eive my words, and credit what you hear.	70	
as I slumber'd in the shades of night,		
ream divine appear'd before my sight ;		
ose visionary form like Nestor came,		
same in habit, and in mien the same.		
heav'nly phantom hover'd o'er my head,	75	
l, dost thou sleep, oh Atreus' son ? (he said :)		
fits a chief, who mighty nations guides,		
acts in council, and in war presides,		
whom its safety a whole people owes,		
waste long nights in indolent repose.	80	
narch, awake ! 'tis Jove's command I bear ;		
ou and thy glory claim his heavenly care.		
ust array draw forth th' embattel'd train,		
lead the Grecians to the dusty plain ;		
now, O king ! 'tis giv'n thee to destroy	85	
lofty tow'rs of wide-extended Troy :		
now no more the gods with fate contend,		
uno's suit the heavenly factions end ;		
struction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,		
d nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.	90	

This hear observant, and the gods obey !
 The vision spoke, and pass'd in air away.
 Now, valiant chiefs ! since heav'n itself alarms,
 Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
 But first, with caution, try what yet they dare, 95
 Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war ?
 To move the troops to measure back the main,
 Be mine ; and yours the province to detain.
 He spoke, and sat ; when Nestor rising said,
 (Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd ;) 100
 Princes of Greece your faithful ears incline,
 Nor doubt the vision of the pow'rs divine ;
 Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,
 Forbid it, heav'n ! this warning should be lost !
 Then let us haste, obey the gods alarms 105
 And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
 Thus spoke the sage: the kings without delay
 Dissolve the council, and their chief obey :
 The sceptred rulers lead ; the following host,
 Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast, 110
 As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
 Clust'ring in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
 Rolling and black'ning, swarms succeeding swarms,
 With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms ;
 Dusky they spread a close embody'd croud 115
 And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.
 So, from the tents and ships, a length'ning train
 Spreads all the beach, and wide o'er shades the plain ;
 Along the region runs a deaf'ning sound ;
 Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground: 120
 Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove,
 And shining soars, and claps her wings above.
 Nine sacred heralds, now proclaiming loud
 The monarch's will, suspend the list'ning croud.
 Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear, 125
 And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,
 The king of kings his awful figure rais'd :
 High in his hand the golden sceptre blaz'd ;
 The golden sceptre of celestial frame,
 By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came : 130
 To Pelops he th' immortal gift resign'd ?
 Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,

Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
 O rich Thyestes next the prize descends;
 And now the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
 Subjects all Argos, and contouls the main. 135
 On this bright sceptre now the king reclin'd,
 And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd:
 O sons of Mars! partake your leader's care,
 Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war! 140
 O partial Jove with justice I complain,
 And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.
 A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
 A crown'd triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.
 Now shameful flight alone can save the host,
 Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost. 145
 Jove decrees, resistless lord of all!
 Whose command whole empires rise or fall:
 He shakes the feeble props of human trust,
 And towns and armies humbles to the dust. 150
 What shame to Greece a fruitless war to wage,
 A lasting shame in ev'ry future age!
 We great in arms, the common scorn we grow,
 Impuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe.
 Small their number, that if wars were ceas'd, 155
 And Greece triumphant held a gen'ral feast,
 I rank'd by ten; whole decads, when they dine,
 Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.
 But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
 And Troy prevails by armies not her own. 160
 Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,
 Since first the labours of this war begun:
 Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels ly,
 And scarce ensure the wretched pow'r to fly.
 We then for ever, leave the Trojan wall! 165
 Our weeping wives, our tender children call:
 We, duty, safety, summon us away,
 As Nature's voice, and Nature we obey.
 Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,
 Safe and inglorious, to our native shore. 170
 O, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ.
 And dream no more of heav'n-defended Troy.
 His deep design unknown, the hosts approve
 Ulysses' speech, The mighty numbers move.

'So roll the billows to th' Icarian shore, 175
 From east and south, when winds begin to roar,
 Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep
 The whit'ning surface of the ruffled deep.
 And as on corn when western gust descend, 180
 Before the blast the lofty harvests bend.
 Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,
 With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears.
 The gath'ring murmur spreads, their trampling feet
 Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet.
 With long resounding cries they urge the train 185
 To fit the ships and launch into the main.
 They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,
 The doubling clamours echo to the skies.
 Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,
 And fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain; 190
 But Jove's imperial queen their flight survey'd,
 And sighing thus bespoke the blue ey'd maid:
 Shall then the Grecians fly! Oh dire disgrace?
 And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race?
 Shall Troy, shall Priam, and th' adult'rous spouse, 195
 In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
 And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,
 Ly unreveng'd on yon detested plain?
 No; let my Greeks unmov'd by vain alarms,
 Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms. 200
 Haste, goddess, haste! the flying host detain,
 Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main.
 Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
 Swift to the ships precipitates her flight;
 Ulysses, first in public cares, she found, 205
 For prudent council like the gods renown'd;
 Oppress'd with gen'rous grief the hero stood,
 Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.
 And is it thus, divine Laertes' son!
 Thus fly the Greeks (the martial maid begun), 210
 Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,
 And fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
 Shall beauteous Helen still remain unfreed,
 Still unreveng'd a thousand heroes bleed?
 Haste, gen'rous Ithacus! prevent the shame, 215
 Recal your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.

our own resistless eloquence employ.
 And to th' immortals trust the fall of Troy.
 The voice divine confess the warlike maid,
 Ulysses heard, nor uninspir'd obey'd : 220
 When meeting first Atrides, from his hand
 Received th' imperial sceptre of command.
 Thus grac'd attention and respect to gain,
 He runs, he flies thro' all the Grecian train,
 Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd, 225
 Fir'd with praise, or with persuasion mov'd.
 Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom blest,
 Your brave examples should confirm the rest.
 The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears ;
 He tries our courage, but resents our fears. 230
 He'd unwary Greeks his fury may provoke ;
 But thus the king in secret council spoke.
 He loves our chief, from Jove his honour springs,
 Beware ! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.
 But if a clam'rous vile plebeian rose, 235
 I'll with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
 Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield ;
 Unknown alike in council and in field !
 O gods, what dastards would our host command !
 Hept to the war, the lumber of a land. 240
 O silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
 At worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
 O one sole monarch Jove commits the sway ;
 His are the laws, and him let all obey.
 With words like these the troops Ulysses rul'd, 245
 The loudest silenc'd, and the fiercest cool'd.
 Back to th' assembly roll the thronging train,
 Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
 Arm'd ring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
 And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores : 250
 The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
 The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
 At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
 And a still silence lulls the camp to peace.
 Thersites only clamour'd in the throng, 255
 Quarrelsome, loud, and turbulent of tongue ;
 Mov'd by no shame, by no respect controul'd,
 Scandal busy, in reproaches bold ;

With witty malice studious to defame ?
 Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim. 260
 But chief he glory'd with licentious stile
 To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
 His figure such as might his soul proclaim ;
 One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:
 His mountain-shoulders half his breast o'erspread, 265
 Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head.
 Spleen to mankind his envious heart possest,
 And much he hated all, but most the best.
 Ulysses or Achilles still his theme ;
 But royal scandal his delight supreme. 270
 Long had he liv'd the scorn of ev'ry Greek.
 Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.
 Sharp was his voice ; which in the shrillest tone,
 Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.
 Amidst the glories of so bright a reign. 275
 What moves the great Atrides to complain ?
 'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast enflames,
 The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.
 With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,
 Thy tents are crowded, and thy chiefs o'erflow 280
 Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,
 What grieves the monarch ? Is it thirst of gold ?
 Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd pow'rs
 (The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
 And bring the race of royal bastards here, 285
 For Troy to ransom at a price too dear ?
 But safer plunder thy own host supplies ;
 Say, would'st thou seize some valiant leader's prize ;
 Or, if thy heart to gen'rous love be led,
 Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed ? 290
 Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,
 Plagu'd with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.
 Oh women of Achaia ! men no more !
 Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store.
 In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore. 295 }
 We may be wanted on some busy day,
 When Hector comes : so great Achilles may :
 From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
 From him the fierce, the fearless, and the brave :

and durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong, 300
 his mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.
 Fierce from his seat, at this, Ulysses springs,
 gen'rous vengeance of the king of kings.
 With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
 e views the wretch and sternly thus replies. 305
 Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,
 With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate;
 urb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain,
 nd singly mad, asperse the sov'reign reign.
 ave we not known thee, slave! of all our host, 310
 he man who acts the least, upbraids the most?
 hink not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
 or let those lips profane the name of king.
 or our return we trust the heav'nly pow'rs;
 e that their care; to fight like men be ours. 315
 ut grant the host with wealth the gen'ral load,
 xcept detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?
 uppose some hero, should his spoils resign,
 rt thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?
 ods! let me perish on this hateful shore, 320
 and let these eyes behold my son no more;
 f, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
 o strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear.
 xpel the council where our princes meet,
 And send thee scourg'd, and howling thro' the fleet. 325
 He said, and cow'ring as the dastard bends,
 The weighty sceptre on his back descends:
 On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise;
 The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:
 Trembling he sat, and shrunk in abject fears, 330
 From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears.
 While to his neighbour each express'd his thought:
 Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!
 What fruits his conduct and his courage yield!
 Great in the council, glorious in the field. 335
 Gen'rous he rises in the crown's defence,
 To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
 Such just examples on offenders shown,
 Sedition silence, and assert the throne.
 'Twas thus the gen'ral voice the hero prais'd, 340
 Who rising, high th' imperial sceptre rais'd:

The blue-ey'd Pallas, his celestial friend,
(In form a herald,) bade the crowds attend.
Th' expecting crowds in still attention hung,
To hear the wisdom of his heav'nly tongue. 345
Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,
His silence thus the prudent hero broke.

Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race
With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.
Not such at Argos was their gen'rous vow, 350
Once all their voice, but ah! forgotten now;
Ne'er to return was then the common cry,
'Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes ly.
Behold them weeping for their native shore!
What could their wives or helpless children more? 355
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one short month, endure the wintry main?
Few leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful seat,
When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat:
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears, 360
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame;
But vanquish'd! baffled! O eternal shame!
Except the time to Troy's destruction giv'n.
And try the faith of Chalcas and of heav'n. 365
What past at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd; 369
('Twas where the plane-tree spread its shades around)
'The altars heav'd and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent:
From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.
Strait to the tree his sanguine spires he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold. 375
The top-most branch a mother-bird possess;
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;
Herself the ninth; the serpent as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and crush'd the crying young;
While hov'ring near, with miserable moan, 380
'The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
'The mother last, as round the nest she flew,
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monster slew;

or long surviv'd, to marble turn'd he stands
 lasting progeny on Aulis' sands. 385
 Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
 trust in his omen and support the war.
 For while around we gaz'd with wond'ring eyes,
 and trembling sought the pow'rs with sacrifice,
 all of his god, the rev'rend Chalcas cry'd, 390
 O Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside.
 This wond'rous signal Jove himself displays,
 Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.
 As many birds as by the snake were slain,
 So many years the toils of Greece remain; 395
 But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed
 Thus spoke the prophet, thus the fates succeed.
 Obey, ye Grecians! with submission wait,
 For let your flight avert the Trojan fate.
 He said: the shores with loud applauses sound, 400
 The hollow ships each deaf'ning shout rebound.
 When Nestor thus—These vain debates forbear,
 Do talk like children, not like heroes dare.
 Where now are all your high resolves at last?
 Your leagues concluded, your engagements past? 405
 How'd with libations and with victims then,
 How vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!
 While useless words consume th' inactive hours,
 Do wonder Troy so long resists our pow'rs.
 Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway; 410
 We march to war if thou direct the way.
 But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,
 The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,
 To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,
 And view, with envy, our successful wars. 415
 On that great day when first the martial train,
 Big with the fate of Ilion, plow'd the main;
 Ove, on the right, a prosp'rous signal sent,
 And thunder rolling shook the firmament.
 Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious strife, 420
 Till ev'ry soldier-grasp a Phrygian wife,
 Till Helen's woes at full reveng'd appear,
 And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
 Before that day, if any Greek invite
 His country's troops to base, inglorious flight, 425

Stand forth that Greek ! and hoist his sail to fly ;
And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.
But now, O monarch ! all thy chiefs advise :
Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise,
Among those counsels, let not mine be vain ; 430
In tribes and nations to divide thy train :
His sep'rate troops let ev'ry leader call,
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
What chief, or soldier, of the num'rous band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command, 435
When thus distinct the war, shall soon be known,
And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown ;
If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,
If gods above prevent, or men below.
To him the king : How much thy years excel 440
In arts of council, and in speaking well !
O would the gods, in love to Greece decree
But ten such sages as they grant in thee ;
Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,
And soon should fall the haughty tow'rs of Troy ? 445
But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates
In fierce contention and in vain debates.
Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
By me provok'd ; a captive maid the cause :
If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall 450
Must shake and heavy will the vengeance fall !
But now, ye warriors, take a short repast ;
And, well refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.
His sharpen'd spear let ev'ry Grecian wield,
And ev'ry Grecian fix his brazen shield, 455
Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,
And all for combat fit the rattling car.
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend ;
No rest, no respite, till the shades descend ;
Till darkness, or till death shall cover all : 460
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall !
Till bath'd in sweat be ev'ry manly breast,
With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest.
Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,
And each spent courser at the chariot blow. 465
Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
Who dares to tremble on this signal day,

That wretch, too mean to fall by martial pow'r,
 The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.
 The monarch spoke; and strait a murmur rose, 470
 Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
 That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
 And foam and thunder on the stony shore.
 Strait to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
 The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend; 475
 With hasty feasts they sacrifice, and pray
 To avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
 A steer of five years age, large limb'd and fed,
 To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led:
 There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers; 480
 And Nestor first, as most advanc'd in years.
 Next came Idomeneus and Tydeus' son,
 Ajax the less and Ajax Telamon;
 Then wise Ulysses in his rank was plac'd;
 And Menelaus came unbid, the last. 485
 The chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take
 The sacred off'ring of the salted cake;
 When thus the king prefers his solemn pray'r:
 O thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
 Who in the heav'n of heav'ns has fix'd thy throne, 490
 Supreme of gods! unbounded, and alone!
 Fear and before the burning sun descends,
 Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
 Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,
 Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires, 495
 In Hector's breast be plung'd this shining sword,
 And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!
 Thus pray'd the chief: his unavailing pray'r
 Great Jove refus'd, and tost in empty air:
 The gods averse, while yet the fumes arose, 500
 Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
 Their pray'rs perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,
 The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew.
 The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide,
 The thighs, selected to the gods, divide. 505
 On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels ly from ev'ry part.
 From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
 While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.

The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest, 510
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,
The gen'rous Nestor thus the prince address. 515

Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
And call the squadrons sheath'd in brazen arms:
Now seize th' occasion, now the troops survey,
And lead to war when Heav'n directs the way.
He said; The monarch issu'd his commands; 520
Strait the loud heralds call the gath'ring bands.
The chiefs inclose their king; the hosts divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.
High in the midst the blue-ey'd virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes: 525
The dreadful Ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field;
Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.
With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms, 530
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms,
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, thro' the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above, 535
The fires expanding as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:
So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields.
Not less their number than th' embody'd cranes, 540
Or milk-white swans in Asius' watry plains,
That o'er the windings of Cayster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rusling wings.
Now tow'r aloft, and course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.
Thus num'rous and confus'd, extending wide, 546
The legions crowd Scamander's flow'ry side;
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thund'ring footsteps shake the sounding shore:
Along the rivers level meads they stand, 550
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land.

leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
 the wand'ring nation of a summer's day,
 at, drawn by milky streams, at ev'ning hours,
 gather'd swarms surround the rural bow'rs: 555
 from pail to pail with busy murmur run
 the gilding legions-glitt'ring in the sun.
 throng, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood
 radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
 Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins 560
 in close array, and forms the deep'ning lines.
 Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd swain
 collects his flock from thousands on the plain.
 The king of kings, majestically tall,
 bows o'er his armies, and outshines them all; 565
 like some proud bull that round the pastures leads
 his subject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
 Great as the god's, th' exalted chief was seen,
 his strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien:
 Above o'er his eyes celestial glories spread, 570
 and dawning conquest play'd around his head.
 Say, virgins, seated round the throne divine,
 All-knowing goddesses! immortal nine!
 Since earth's wide regions, heav'n's unmeasur'd height,
 and hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight, 575
 We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
 but guess by rumour, and but boast we know),
 Oh say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,
 or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came;
 To count them all, demands a thousands tongues, 580
 a throat of brass, and adamantyne lungs.
 Daughters of Jove, assist! inspir'd by you,
 the mighty labour dauntless I pursue:
 What crowded armies, from what climes they bring,
 their names, their numbers, and their chiefs I sing. 585

The CATALOGUE of the SHIPS.

THE hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,
 Penelios, Leitus, Prothoenor led:
 With these Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,
 Equal in arms, and equal in command,
 These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields, 590
 And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's watry fields,

And Schoenus, Scholus, Grea near the main,
And Mycalessia's ample piny plain,
Those who in Peteon or Ilesion dwell,
Or Harma where Apollo's prophet fell: 595
Heloön and Hyle, which the springs o'erflow;
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;
Or in the meads of Holiartus stray,
Or Thespia sacred to the god of day.
Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves; 600
Copæ, and Thisbe, fam'd for silver doves;
For flocks Erythæ, Glissa for the vine;
Platea green, and Nisa the divine.
And they whom Thebes's well-built walls inclose,
Where Myde, Eutresis Corone rose; 605
And Aine rich, with purple harvests crown'd;
And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.
Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys
Twice sixty warriors thro' the foaming seas.
To these succeed Aspledon's martial train, 610
Who plow the spacious Orchomenian plain:
Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
Ialmen and Ascalaphus the strong:
Sons of Astyoche, the heav'nly fair,
Whose virgin charms subdu'd the god of war: 615
(In Actor's court as she retir'd to rest,
The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress):
Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,
With equal oars, the hoarse resounding deep.
The Phocians next in forty barks repair, 620
Epistrophus and Schedius head the war.
From those rich regions where Cephissus leads
His silver current thro' the flow'ry meads;
From Panopea, Chrysa the divine,
Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine, 625
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,
And fair Lilea views the rising flood.
These rang'd in order on the floating tide,
Close, on the left, the bold Bœotians side.
Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on, 630
Ajax the less, Oileus' valiant son;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.

him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,
 Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send : 635
 Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands ;
 And those who dwell where pleasing Augia stands, }
 And where Boagrius floats the lowly lands, }
 Or in fair Tarphe's sylvan seats reside ;
 And forty vessels cut the yielding tide, 640
 Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,
 And sends the brave Abantes to the wars :
 Breathing revenge in arms they take their way
 From Chalcis' walls, and strong Eretria ;
 Th' Isteian fields for gen'rous vines renown'd, 645
 The fair Caristos, and the Styrian ground ;
 Where Dios from her tow'rs o'erlooks the plain,
 And high Cerinthus views the neighb'ring main.
 Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair ;
 Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air ; 650
 But with portended spears in fighting fields,
 Fierce the tough corsiets and the brazen shields.
 Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,
 Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.
 Full fifty more from Athens stem the main, 655
 Led by Menestheus thro' the liquid plain,
 Athens the fair, where great Erectheus sway'd,
 That ow'd his nurture to the blue-ey'd maid,
 But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
 The mighty offspring of the foodful earth. 660
 Him Pallas plac'd amidst her wealthy fane,
 Ador'd with sacrifice and oxen slain ;
 Where, as the years revolve, her altars blaze,
 And all the tribes resound the goddess' praise).
 So chief like thee, Menestheus ! Greece could yield, 665
 So marshal armies in the dusty field,
 Th' extended wings of battle to display,
 Or close th' embodied host in firm array.
 Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,
 For martial conduct bore an equal praise. 670
 With these appear the Solaminian bands,
 Whom the gigantic Telamon commands ;
 And twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,
 And with the great Athenians join their force.

Next move to war the gen'rous Argive train, 675 }
 From high Trœzene, and Maseta's plain,
 And fair Ægina circled by the main :
 Whom strong I'yrinthe's lofty walls surround,
 And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd :
 And where fair Asinen and Hermion show 680
 Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
 These, by the brave Euryalus were led,
 Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,
 But chief Tydides bore the sov'reign sway ;
 In fourscore barks they plow the watry way. 685
 The proud Mycene arms her martial pow'rs,
 Cleone, Corinth, with imperial tow'rs,
 Fair Aræthlyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
 And Ægion, and Adrastus' ancient reign :
 And those who dwell along the sandy shore, 690
 And where Pyllene yields her fleecy store,
 Where Helice and Hyperesia lie,
 And Gonoessa's spires salute the sky.
 Great Agamemnon rules the num'rous band,
 A hundred vessels in long order stand, 695 }
 And crowded nations wait his dread command.
 High on the deck the king of men appears,
 And his refulgent arms in triumph wears ;
 Proud of his host, unrival'd in his reign,
 In silent pomp he moves along the main. 700
 His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
 The hardy Spartans, exercis'd in arms :
 Phares and Brysia's valiant troops, and those
 Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills inclose :
 Or Messe's tow'rs for silver doves renown'd, 705
 Amyclæ, Laas, Augia's happy ground,
 And those whom Oetylos' low walls contain,
 And Helos on the margin of the main.
 These, o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause
 In sixty ships with Menelaus draws. 710
 Eager and loud from man to man he flies,
 Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes ;
 While vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
 The fair one's grief, and sees her falling tears.
 In ninety sail, from Pylos sandy coast, 715
 Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host ;

From Amphigenia's ever-fruitful land,
Where Æpy high, and little Ptelon stand ;
Where beauteous Arene her structures shows,
And Thryon's walls Alpheus' streams inclose : 720
And Dorion, fam'd for Thamyris' disgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
Till vain of mortals empty praise, he strove
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove !
Too daring bard ! whose unsuccessful pride 725
Th' immortal Muses in their art defy'd.
Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away ;
No more his heav'nly voice was heard to sing,
His hand no more awak'd the silver string. 730

Where under high Cyllene, crown'd with wood,
The shaded tomb of old Æpytus stood ;
From Ripe, Stratie, Tegea's bord'ring towns,
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove ; 735
And Stymphele with her surrounding grove,
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
And high Enispe shook by wintry wind,
And fair Mantinia's ever-pleasing site ;
In sixty sail th' Arcadian bands unite. 740
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head,
Anceus' son), the mighty squadron led.
Their ships, supply'd by Agamemnon's care,
Thro' roaring seas the wond'ring warriors bear ;
The first to battle on th' appointed plain, 745
But new to all the dangers of the main.

Those, where fair Ellis and Buprasium join ;
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinns confine,
And bounded there, where o'er the vallies rose
Th' Olenian rock, and where Alisium flows ; 750
Beneath four chiefs (a num'rous army) came ;
The strength and glory of th' Epean name.
In sep'rate squadron's these their train divide,
Each leads ten vessels thro' the yielding tide.
One was Amphimachus, and Thalius one ; 755
Eurypylus this, and that Teatus' son ;
Heroes sprung from Amarynceus' line ;
And great Prolyxemus, of force divine.

- But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas
From the blest islands of th' Echinades, 760
In forty vessels under Meges move,
Begot by Phylus the belov'd of Jove.
To strong Dulichium from his sire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.
Ulysses follow'd thro' the watry road, 765
A chief, in wisdom equal to a god.
With those whom Cephalenia's isle inclos'd,
Or till their fields along the coast oppos'd;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods, 770
Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
These in twelve galleys with vermilion prores,
Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian shores.
Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant son, 775
From Pleuron's walls, and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylene, and th' Olenian steep,
And Chalcis beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriors from th' Ætolian shore;
For now the sons of Oeneus were no more! 780
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Oeneus himself and Meleager dead!
To Thoas' care now trust the martial train,
His forty vessels follow thro' the main.
Next eighty barks the Cretan king commands, 785
Of Gnosus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,
And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,
Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,
Or where by Phæstus silver Jordan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons. 790
These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the god of war.
Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
Led nine swift vessels thro' the foamy seas;
From Rhodes with everlasting sunshine bright, 795
Jalyssus, Lindus, and Camirus white.
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore
From Ephyr's walls, and Selle's winding shore,
Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,
And saw their blooming warriors early slain. 800

ie hero, when to manly years he grew,
 cides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew ;
 r this, constrain'd to quit his native place,
 id shun the vengeance of th' Herculean race,
 fleet he built, and with a num'rous train 805
 willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main ;
 here many seas and many suff'rings past,
 i happy Rhodes the chief arriv'd at last :
 ere in three tribes divides his native band,
 id rules them peaceful in a foreign land ; 810
 reas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes
 mighty Jove the sire of men and gods ;
 ith joy they saw the growing empire rise,
 id show'rs of wealth descending from the skies.
 Three ships with Nireus sought the Trojan shore, 815
 reus, whom Aglæ to Charopus bore,
 reus, in faultless shape and blooming grace,
 ie loveliest youth of all the Grecian race ;
 lides only match'd his early charms ;
 it few his troops, and small his strength in arms. 820
 Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
 those, Colydnæ's sea-girt isles contain ;
 ith them the youth of Nisyrus repair,
 sus the strong, and Crapathus the fair ;
 s, where Eurypylus possess the sway 825
 ll great Alcides made the realms obey :
 ese Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
 rung from the god by Thessalus the king.
 Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' pow'rs,
 om Alos, Alope, and Trechin's tow'rs ; 830
 om Phthia's spacious vales ; and Hella, blest
 ith female beauty far beyond the rest.
 ll fifty ships beneath Achilles' care,
 t' Achaians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear ;
 essalians all, tho' various in their name, 835
 ie same their nation, and their chief the same.
 t now inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,
 ey hear the brazen voice of war no more ;
 o more the foe they face in dire array ;
 ose in his fleet their angry leader lay ; 840
 ice fair Briseis from his arms was torn,
 e noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus borne,

Then, when the chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
 And the bold sons of great Evenus slew.
 There mourn'd Achilles, plung'd in depth of care, 845
 But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.

To these the youth of Phylace succeed ;
 Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
 And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
 The bow'rs of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes, 850
 Sweet Pyrrhasius, with blooming flow'rets crown'd,
 And Antron's watry dens, and cavern'd ground.
 These own'd as chief Protesilas the brave,
 Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:
 The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore, 855
 And dy'd a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore ;
 There lies, far distant from his native plain ;
 Unfinish'd his proud palaces remain,
 And his sad consort beats her breast in vain. }
 His troops in forty ships Podarces led, 860
 Iphiclus' son, and brother to the dead ;
 Nor he unworthy to command the host ;
 Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.

The men who Glaphyras' fair soil partake,
 Where hills encircle Boëbe's lowly lake, 865
 Where Phœæ hears the neighb'ring waters fall,
 Or proud Iolcus lifts her airy wall,
 In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,
 With bold Eumelus, whom Alceste bore ;
 All Pelias' race Alceste far outshin'd, 870
 The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.

The troops Methone, or Thaumacia yields,
 Olizon's rocks, or Milebœa's fields,
 With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art
 From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart. 875
 Sev'n were his ships ; each vessel fifty row,
 Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.
 But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground,
 A pois'nous Hydra gave the burning wound ;
 There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain, 880
 Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.
 His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore,
 Oileus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.

Th' Oechalian race, in those high tow'rs contain'd,
 here once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd, 885
 where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
 where Ithome, rough with rocks, appears;
 thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,
 high Podalirius and Machaon guide.
 these his skill their parent-god * imparts, 890
 vine professors of the healing arts.
 The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands
 forty barks Eurypylus commands,
 there Titan hides his hoary head in snow,
 and where Hyperia's silver fountain's flow. 895
 Thy troops, Argissa, Polypœtes leads,
 and Eleon shelter'd by Olympus' shades,
 Myrton's warriors; and where Orthe lies,
 and Oloosson's chalky cliffs arise.
 sprung from Pirithous of immortal race, 900
 the fruit of fair Hippodame's embrace,
 that day, when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
 so distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled,)
 With Polypœtes, join'd in equal sway,
 Menœteus leads, and forty ships obey, 905
 In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came
 from Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.
 With these the Enians join'd, and those who freeze
 where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
 or where the pleasing Titaresus glides, 910
 and into Peneus rolls his easy tides;
 yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
 the sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,
 sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
 Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of gods! 915
 Last under Prothous the Magnesians stood,
 Prothous the swift, of old Tenthredon's blood;
 who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
 obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows;
 or where thro' flow'ry Tempe Peneus stray'd; 920
 (The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade,)
 forty sable barks they stemm'd the main;
 such were the chiefs, and such the Grecian train.
 Say next, O Muse! of all Achaia breeds,
 who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest steeds? 925

* Æsculapius.

Eumelus' mares were foremost in the chace,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race;
Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.
Fierce in the fight, their nostrils breath'd a flame, 930
Their height, their colour, and their age the same;
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
And break the ranks, and thunder thro' the war.
Ajax in arms the first renown acquir'd,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retir'd: 935
(His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,
And his, th' unrival'd race of heav'nly steeds :)
But 'Thetis' son now shines in arms no more;
His troops, neglected on the sandy shore,
In empty air their sportive jav'lins throw, 940
Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow:
Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;
Th' immortal coursers graze along the strand;
But the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
And wand'ring o'er the camp, requir'd their lord. 945
Now, like a deluge, cov'ring all around,
The shining armies sweep along the ground;
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove 950
Hurls down the forky lightning from above,
On Arime when he the thunder throws,
And fires Typhœus with redoubled blows,
Where Typhon prest beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of th' avenging god. 955
But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds thro' liquid air;
In Priam's porch the Trojan chiefs she found,
The old consulting, and the youths around.
Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she choose, 960
Who from Æsetes' tomb observ'd the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
In this dissembled form, she hastes to bring
Th' unwelcome message to the Phrygian king. 965
Cease to consult, the time for action calls;
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!

assembled armies oft have I beheld ;
 ne'er till now such numbers charg'd a field.
 As autumnal leaves, or driving sand, 970
 the moving squadrons blacken all the strand.
 O thou, god-like Hector ! all thy force employ,
 assemble all th' united bands of Troy ;
 must array let ev'ry leader call
 the foreign troops : this day demands them all. 975
 The voice divine the mighty chief alarms ;
 the council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.
 The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
 nations on nations fill the dusky plain, 979
 on steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground ;
 the tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
 Amidst the plain in sight of Ilion stands
 rising mount, the work of human hands ;
 this for Myrinne's tomb th' immortals know,
 or call'd Bateia in the world below ;) 985
 death their chiefs in martial order here,
 auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.
 The god-like Hector, high above the rest,
 takes his huge spear, and nods his plumed crest :
 throngs around his native bands repair, 990
 and groves of lances glitter in the air.
 Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
 Priam's son, by Venus' stol'n embrace,
 born in the shades of Ida's sacred grove,
 mortal mixing with the queen of love :) 995
 Philochus and Achamas divide
 the warrior's toils, and combat by his side.
 Who fair Zeleia's wealthy valleys till,
 sit by the foot of Ida's sacred hill ;
 drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood ; 1000
 are led by Pandarus of royal blood :
 whom his art Apollo deign'd to show,
 grac'd with the present of his shafts and bow.
 From rich Apæsus and Adrestia's tow'rs,
 from Tereus' summits, and Pityea's bow'rs ; 1005
 from these the congregated troops obey
 Amphius and Adrastus' equal sway ;
 Merops' sons, whom, skill'd in fates to come,
 their sire forewarn'd, and prophesy'd their doom :

Fate urg'd them on ! the sire forewarn'd in vain, 1010
They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.

From Practius' stream, Percote's pasture lands,
And Sestos and Abydos' neighb'ring strands,
From great Arisba's walls and Selle's coast,
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host : 1015
High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains.

The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Larissa's ever fertile ground :
In equal arms their brother leaders shine, 1020
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.

Next Acamas and Pyrous lead their hosts
In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coast ;
Round the bleak realms where Hellespontus roars,
And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shores. 1025

With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Træzenian Ceus, lov'd by Jove.

Pyræchmes the Pæonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight their crooked bows to bend ;
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on, 1030
Axius, that laves the distant Amydon,
Axius, that swells with all his neigh'bouring rills;
And wide around the floated region fills.

The Paphlagonians Pylæmenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules ; 1035
Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,
The groves of box, Cytorus ! ever green ;
And where Ægyalus and Cromna ly,
And lofty Sesamus invades the sky ;
And where Parthenius, roll'd thro' banks of flow'rs,
Reflects her bord'ring palaces and bow'rs. 1041

Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odius and Epistrophus command,
From those far regions where the sun refines
The rip'ning silver in Alban mines. 1045

There, mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,
And augur Ennomus, inspir'd in vain ;
For stern Achilles lopt his sacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.

Phorcys and brave Ascanius here unite 1050
Th' Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.

Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,
Or whom the vales in shade of Tmolus hide,
Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake ;
Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake. 1055
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mycale, and Latmos' shady brows,
And proud Miletus, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barb'rous tongues.
Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train, 1060
Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,
Who, trick'd with gold, and glitt'ring on his car,
Rode like a woman, to the field of war ;
Fool that he was ! by fierce Achilles slain,
The river swept him to the briny main : 1065
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies ;
The valiant victor seiz'd the golden prize.
The forces last in fair array succeed,
Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead ;
The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields, 1070
Where gulphy Xanthus foams along the fields.

THE
I L I A D.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

The duel of Menelaus and Paris.

THE armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris, (by the intervention of Hector,) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helena gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helena from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helena, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book.

The scene is sometimes in the *fields* before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

THUS by their leaders' care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:
So when inclement winters vex the plain 5
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly,
With noise and order thro' the mid-way sky;
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing. 10

But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks : the rapid dust around,
Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.

Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds 15
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
'To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade ;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day : 20

So wrapt in gath'ring dust, the Grecian train
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.
Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command ;
When, to the van, before the sons of fame 25

Whom 'Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came :
In form a god ! the panther's speckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride,
His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
His sword beside him negligently hung ; 30

'Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

As thus with glorious air and proud disdain,
He boldly stalk'd the foremost on the plain,
Him Menelaus, lov'd of Mars, espies, 35
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes :

So joys a lion, if the branching deer,
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize appear ;
Eager he seizes, and devours the slain,
Prest by bold youths, and baying dogs in vain. 40

Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot : him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear,

With a conscious sense, retires behind, 45
And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find.

As when some shepherd from the rustling trees
Not forth to view, a scaly serpent sees ;
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
And all confus'd, precipitates his flight ; 50

From the king the shining warrior flies,
And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.

As god-like Hector sees the prince retreat,
 He thus upbraids him with a generous heat. 55
 Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
 So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
 Oh hadst thou dy'd when first thou saw'st the light,
 Or dy'd at least before thy nuptial rite!
 A better fate than vainly thus to boast,
 And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host. 60
 Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see
 Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
 Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
 But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
 In former days, in all thy gallant pride, 65
 When thy tall ships triumphant stem'd the tide,
 When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,
 And crowds stood wondering at the passing show;
 Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mein,
 You met the approaches of the Spartan queen, 70
 Thus from her realm convey'd the beautiful prize,
 And * both her warlike lords outshin'd in Helen's eyes?
 This deed, thy foes delight thy own disgrace,
 Thy fathers, grief and ruin of thy race;
 This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight; 75
 Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?
 Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know
 Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.
 Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
 Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre, 80
 Beauty and youth, in vain to these you trust,
 When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust;
 Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
 Crush the dire author of his country's woe.
 His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks; 85
 'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks:
 But who, like thee, can boast a soul sedate,
 So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?
 Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,
 Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows, 90
 Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
 With falling woods to strow the wasted plain.
 Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms
 With which a lover golden Venus arms;

* Theseus and Menelaus.

Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show, 95
No wish can gain them, but the gods bestow.

Yet, wouldst thou have the proffer'd combat stand,
The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,
And, on that stage of war, the cause be try'd 100
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought;
And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.

Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease, 105
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for generous steeds, for beauty more.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy; 110
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with steps majestically slow.

While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour
Their stones and arrows in a mingled show'r.

Then thus the monarch great Atrides cry'd; 115
Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:

A parley Hector asks, a message bears;
We know him by the various plume he wears.
Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend. 120

While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies.
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war demands.
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain, 125
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.

I ere, in the midst, in either army's sight,
He dares the Spartan King to single fight;
And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil,
That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil. 130
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
And differing nations part in leagues of peace.

He spoke: in still suspense on either side
Each army stood: the Spartan chief reply'd.
He too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right 135
World engages in the toils of fight.

- To me the labour of the field resign ;
 Me Paris injur'd ; all the war be mine.
 Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms,
 And live the rest secure of future harms. 140
 Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
 To Earth a sable, to the Sun a white,
 Prepare, ye Trojans ! while a third we bring
 Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.
 Let rev'rend Priam in the truce engage, 145
 And add the sanction of consid'rate age ;
 His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
 And youth itself an empty wav'ring state :
 Cool age advances venerably wise,
 Turns on all hands its deep discerning eyes ; 150
 Sees what befel, and what may yet befal,
 Concludes from both, and best provides for all.
 The nations hear, with rising hopes possest,
 And peaceful prospects dawn in ev'ry breast.
 Within the lines they drew their steeds around, 155
 And from their chariots issu'd on the ground :
 Next all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
 Laid their bright arms along the sable shore,
 On either side the meeting hosts are seen,
 With lances fix'd, and close the space between. 160
 Two heralds now dispatch'd to Troy, invite
 The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite ;
 Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring
 The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.
 Mean time, to beauteous Helen, from the skies 165
 The various goddess of the rainbow flies ;
 (Like fair Laodice in form and face,
 The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race,)
 Her in the palace at her loom she found ;
 The golden web her own sad story crown'd 170
 The Trojan wars she weav'd, (herself the prize,)
 And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.
 To whom the goddess of the painted bow ;
 Approach, and view the wond'rous scene below !
 Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight, 175
 So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
 Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields ;
 Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.

Book III. HOMER'S ILIAD. 55

Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance : 180
Each met in arms the fate of combat tries,
'Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.

'This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires
Her country, parents, all that once were dear, 185
Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.
Her handmaids Clymene and Æthra wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate. 190

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race,
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace,)
'The king the first; Thymœtes at his side;
Lampos and Clytius, long in council try'd; 195
Panthus, and Hicetaon, once the strong;

And next, the wisest of the rev'rend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise thro' time, and narrative with age, 200
In summer days, like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.

These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tow'r,
In secret own'd resistless beauty's power :
'They cry'd, No wonder such celestial charms 205
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces ! what majestic mien !
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen !
Yet hence, oh heav'n ! convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race. 210

The good old Priam welcom'd her and cry'd,
Approach my child, and grace thy father's side.
See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears
'The friends and kindred of thy former years,'
No crime of thine our present suff'rings draws, 215
Not thou, but heav'n's disposing will, the cause ;
The gods these armies and this force employ ;
The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy.
But lift thy eyes, and say, What Greek is he
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see) 220

Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine?
'Tho' some of larger stature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride. 225
'Thus ceas'd the king, and thus the fair reply'd.

Before thy presence, father, I appear
With conscious shame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I dy'd, ere to these walls I fled,
False to my country, and my nuptial bed, 230
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind!
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please!
'The king of kings, Atrides, you survey, 235
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway:
My brother once before my days of shame;
And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!

With wonder Priam view'd the god-like man,
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began; 240
O blest Atrides! born to prosp'rous fate,
Successful monarch of a mighty state!
How vast thy empire! of yon matchless train
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain!
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known, 245
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
When god-like Mygdon led their troops of horse,
And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
Against the man like Amazons we stood,
And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood. 250
But far inferior those, in martial grace,
And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.

This said, once more he view'd the warrior train:
What's he, whose arms ly scatter'd on the plain?
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread, 255
'Tho' great Atrides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
And, master of the flock, surveys them round. 260

Then Helen thus. Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise:

A barren island boasts his glorious birth ;
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

265

Antenor took the word, and thus began :
Myself, O king I have seen that wond'rous man,
When, trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause ;
(Great Menelaus urg'd the same request ;)

270

My house was honour'd with each royal guest :
I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engag'd our view ;
Ulysses seated greater rev'rence drew.

275

When Atreus' son harangu'd the list'ning train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,
His words succinct, yet full, without a fault ;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.

280

But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground,
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his scepter'd hand ;
But when he speaks, what elocution flows !

285

Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
The copious accents fall with easy art ;
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart !
Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep surprize ;
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

The king then ask'd, (as yet the camp he view'd,)

290

What chief is that, with giant strength endu'd,
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature, far exceed the rest ?

Ajax the great, (the beauteous queen reply'd,)
Himself a host : the Grecian strength and pride.

295

See ! bold Idomeneus superior tow'rs
Amidst yon circle of his Cretan pow'rs.

Great as god ! I saw him once before,
With Menelaus, on the Spartan shore.

The rest I know, and could in order name ;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.

300

Yet two are wanting of the num'rous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain ;
Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,
The bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse,

My brothers these; the same our native shore, 305
 One house contain'd us, us one mother bore.
 Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
 For distant Troy refus'd to sail the seas:
 Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
 Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause. 310

So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers doom,
 Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
 Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,
 Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

Mean-time the heralds, thro' the crowded town,
 Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down. 316

Idæus' arms the golden goblets press'd,
 Who thus the venerable king address'd;
 Arise, O father of the Trojan state!
 The nations call, thy joyful people wait 320 }
 To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.
 Paris thy son and Sparta's king advance,
 In measur'd lists to toss the weighty lance;
 And who his rival shall in arms subdue,
 His be the dame, and his the treasure too. 325

Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
 And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
 So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
 Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare 330

To join his milk-white coursers to the car:
 He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side;
 The gentle steeds thro' Scæa's gates they guide;
 Next from the car descending on the plain,
 Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train 335
 Slow they proceed: the sage Ulysses then
 Arose, and with him rose the king of men.

On either side a sacred herald stands;
 The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
 Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord 340
 His cutlass sheath'd beside his pond'rous sword;
 From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair;
 The heralds part it, and the princes share;
 Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
 He calls the gods, and spreads his lifted hands. 345

O first and greatest Pow'r! whom all obey,
 Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,

Eternal Jove ! and yon bright orb that roll
 From east to west, and view from pole to pole !
 Thou mother earth ! and all ye living floods ! 350
 Infernal furies, and Tartarean gods,
 Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
 For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear !
 Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,
 Great Menelaus press the fatal plain, 355
 The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,
 And Greece returning plow the watry deep.
 If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed,
 Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed :
 Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay, 360
 And ev'ry age record the signal day.
 This if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,
 Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.
 With that the chief the tender victims slew,
 And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw : 365
 The vital spirit issu'd at the wound,
 And left the members quiv'ring on the ground,
 From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
 And add libations to the pow'rs divine.
 While thus their pray'rs united mount the sky : 370
 Hear, mighty Jove ! and hear, ye gods on high !
 And may their blood, who first the league confound,
 Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground ;
 May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,
 And all their race be scatter'd as the dust ! 375
 Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
 Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.
 The rites now finish'd, rev'rend Priam rose,
 And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes.
 Ye Greeks and Trojans let the chiefs engage, 380
 But spare the weakness of my feeble age :
 In yonder walls that object let me shun,
 Nor view the danger of so dear a son.
 Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall fall,
 Heav'n only knows ; for heav'n disposes all. 385
 This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,
 But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid ;
 Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,
 And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.

- Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose 390
 The lists of combat, and the ground inclose ;
 Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
 Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.
 The people pray with elevated hands,
 And words like these are heard thro' all the bands. 395
 Immortal Jove, high heav'ns superior lord,
 On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd !
 Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
 Oh give that author of the war to fate
 And shades eternal ! let division cease, 400
 And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.
 With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn
 The lots of fight and shakes the brazen urn.
 Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth ; by fatal chance
 Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance. 405
 Both armies sat, the combat to survey,
 Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
 And round the lists the gen'rous coursers neigh. }
 The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
 In gilded arms magnificently bright : 410
 The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with silver buckles bound :
 Lycaon's corslet his fair body drest,
 Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast ;
 A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulders ty'd, 415
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side :
 His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread :
 The waving horse-hair nodded on his head ;
 His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,
 And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shakes. 420
 With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
 The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.
 Now round the lists th' admiring armies stand,
 With jav'lins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band,
 Amidst the dreadful vale the chiefs advance, 425
 All pale with rage, and shake the threat'ning lance.
 The Trojan first his shining jav'lin threw :
 Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew,
 Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
 Leap'd from the buckler blunted on the ground. 430

Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his pray'rs.

Give me, great Jove ! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust :
Destroy th' aggressor ; aid my righteous cause ; 435
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws !

Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name.

He said, and pois'd in air the jav'lin sent ;
Thro' Paris' shield the forceful weapon went, 440

His corslet pierces, and his garment rends,
And glancing downward, near his flank descends.

The wary Trojan bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe :
But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword and struck 445

Full on his casque ; the crested helmet shook ;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,

Broke short : the fragments glitter'd on the sand.

The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice and angry eyes : 450

Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust ?

And is it thus the gods assist the just ?

When crimes provoke us, heav'n success denies ;

The dart falls harmless, and the faulchion flies.

Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew 445

(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew ;

Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd throng,

That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.

Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,

But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy : 460

Unseen she came, and burst the golden band,

And left an empty helmet in his hand.

The casque, eurg'd, amidst the Greeks he threw ;

The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.

Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart, 465

In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,

The queen of love her favour'd champion shrouds

For gods can all things) in a veil of clouds,

Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led, 470

And gently laid him on the bridal bed,

With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,

And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.

Mean time the brightest of the female kind,
 The matchless Helen o'er the wall reclin'd :
 To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came, 475
 In borrow'd form the laughter-loving dame *
 (She seem'd an ancient maid, well skill'd to cull
 The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool).
 The goddess softly shook her silken vest,
 That shed perfumes, and whisp'ring thus address : 480

Haste, happy nymph ! for thee thy Paris calls,
 Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,
 Fair as a god ! with odours round him spread
 He lies, and waits thee on the well-known-bed ;
 Not like a warrior parted from the foe, 485
 But some gay dancer in the public show.

She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd :
 She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
 Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
 And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire. 490
 Struck with her presence, strait the lively red
 Forsook her cheek ; and, trembling, thus she said :

Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive ?
 And woman's frailty always to believe ?
 Say, to new nations must I cross the main, 495
 Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain ?
 For whom must Helen break her second vow ?
 What other Paris is thy darling now ?
 Left to Atrides (victor in the strife)

An odious conquest and a captive wife, 500
 Hence let me sail : and if thy Paris bear
 My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.

A hand-maid goddess at his side to wait,
 Renounce the glories of thy heav'nly state,
 Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore, 505
 His spouse or slave, and mount the skies no more.

For me, to lawless love no longer led,
 I scorn the coward, and detest his bed ;
 Else should I merit everlasting shame,
 And keen reproach, from ev'ry Phrygian dame : 510

Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
 Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.

Then thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies :
 Obey the pow'r from whom thy glories rise :

* Venus.

Should Venus leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly, 515
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.

Cease to provoke me, least I make thee more
The world's aversion, than their love before ;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then the sad victim of the public rage. 520

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade ;
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
Led by the goddess of the smiles and loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace-gate, 525
The maids officious round their mistress wait ;
Then all dispersing, various tasks attend ;
The queen and goddess to the prince ascend.
Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove ; 530
Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say :

Is this the chief, who lost to sense of shame,
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame ?
Oh hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous sword 535
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord !
The boaster Paris oft desir'd the day
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray :
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight ; 540
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.

The prince replies : Ah cease, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear ;
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' pow'r ; 545
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour :
There want not gods to favour us above ;
But let the bus'ness of our life be love :
These softer moments let delights employ,
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy. 550
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore
My forc'd, my willing heav'nly prize I bore,
When first entranc'd in Cranæ's isle I lay,
Fix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away !
Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy 555
ush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.

Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious raptures yield,
The stern Atrides rages round the field : 560
So some fell lion whom the woods obey,
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his prey.
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy ;
Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave 565
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.
Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose :
Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our gen'rous foes,
Hear and attest ! from heav'n with conquest crown'd,
Our brother's arms the just success have found : 570
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord ;
'Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record this signal day.
He ceas'd ; his army's loud applauses rise,
And the long shout runs echoing thro' the skies. 575

THE
I L I A D.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

The breach of the truce, and the first battle.

THE gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war; they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agememnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general: he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated by his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book, (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book). The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

AND now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold;
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the fuit bowls flow round, the pow'rs employ 5
Their careful eyes on long contended 'I roy.

When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen.
Two pow'rs divine the son of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the martial maid: 10
But high in heav'n they sit, and gaze from far,
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,
The queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight,

Each danger wards, and constant in her care 15
Saves in the moment of the last despair.
Her act has rescu'd Paris' forfeit life,
Tho' great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife :
Then say, ye pow'rs ! what signal issue waits
To crown this deed, and finish all the fates ? 20
Shall heav'n by peace the bleeding kingdom spare,
Or rouse the furies, and awake the war ?
Yet, would the gods for human good provide,
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow, 25
And thro' his gates the crowding nations flow.
Thus while he spoke, the queen of heav'n enrag'd,
And queen of war, in close consult engag'd !
Apart they sit, their deep design employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy. 30
Tho' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent goddess yet her wrath supprest ;
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke
Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke.
Shall then, O tyrant of th' ætherial reign ! 35
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain ?
Have I for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms ?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore ;
Th' immortal coursers scarce the labour bore. 40
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the gods are partial and unjust.
The sire, whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies, 45
Sighs from his inmost soul and thus replies ;
Oh lasting rancour ! oh insatiate hate
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state !
What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove ?
Can wretched mortals harm the pow'rs above ? 50
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou would'st confound,
And yon fair structures level with the ground ?
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
Burst all her gates, and warp her walls in fire !

Let Priam bleed ! if yet thou thirst for more,
Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore,
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be giv'n,
'Till vast destruction glut the queen of heav'n !
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
When heav'n no longer hears the name of Troy. 60
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,
Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,
Remember 'Troy, and give the vengeance way :
For know of all the num'rous towns that rise 65
Beneath the rolling sun, and starry skies,
Which gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy ;
None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace,
Than god-like Priam, or than Priam's race. 70
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the thund'rer fix'd them, and replies :
Three towns are Juno's, on the Grecian plains, 75
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall ;
These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall :
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove ;
The crime's sufficient that they share my love. 80
Of pow'r superior why should I complain ?
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
Yet some distinction Juno might require.
Sprung with thyself from one celestial sire,
A goddess born to share the realms above, 85
And styl'd the consort of the thund'rer Jove ;
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny ;
Let both consent, and both by turns comply ;
So shall the gods our joint decrees obey,
And heav'n shall act as we direct the way. 90
See, ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands :
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace.

The sire of men, and monarch of the sky, 95
Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,

Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.

Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her flight,
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height. 100

As the red comet, from Saturnius sent
To fright the nations with a dire portent,
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main),
With sweeping glories glides along in air, 105

And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair :
Between both armies thus, in open sight,
Shot the bright goddess in a trail of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire
The pow'r descending, and the heav'ns on fire ! 110

The gods, (they cried), the gods this signal sent,
And fate now labours with some vast event :
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares ;
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars !

They said, while Pallas thro' the Trojan throng 115
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.

Like bold Laodocus her course she bent,
Who from Antenor trac'd his high descent.
Amidst the ranks Lycaon's son she found,
'The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd ; 120
Whose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the goddess : Phrygian ! canst thou hear
A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear ?
What praise were thine, could'st thou direct thy dart 125
Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart ?

What gifts from Troy, from Paris would'st thou gain,
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain ?
'Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed ; 130

But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,
And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay,
On Zelia's altars to the god of day.

He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd, 135
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.
'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil ;
A mountain-goat resign'd the shining spoil,

Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled;
 The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead, 140 }
 And sixteen palms his brows large honours spread :
 The workman join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,
 And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
 This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
 Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends: 145
 There meditates the mark ; and couching low,
 Fits the sharp arrow to the well strung bow.
 One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
 Fated to wound, and cause of further woes ;
 Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown 150
 Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
 Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends ;
 Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
 Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow ; 155
 Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing,
 Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quiv'ring string.

But thee, Atrides ! in that dang'rous hour
 The gods forget not, nor thy guardian pow'r.
 Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force) 160
 Diverts the weapon from its disten'd course :
 So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
 The watchful mother wafts th' envom'd fly.
 Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
 Where linen folds the double corslet lin'd, 165
 She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,
 Pass'd the broad belt, and thro' the corslet drove ;
 The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
 And rais'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.
 As when some stately trappings are decreed 170
 To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
 A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,
 Stains the pure iv'ry with a lively red ;
 With equal lustre various colours vie,
 The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye ; 175
 So, great Atrides ! show'd thy sacred blood,
 As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood,
 With horror seiz'd, the king of men descry'd
 The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:

Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found 180
 The shining barb appear above the wound.
 Then with a sigh that heav'd his manly breast,
 The royal brother thus his grief exprest,
 And grasp'd his hand; while all the Greeks around
 With answ'ring sighs return'd the plaintive sound. 185
 O dear as life! did I for this agree
 The solemn truce; a fatal truce to thee!
 Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,
 To fight for Greece, and conquer, to be slain?
 The race of Trojans in thy ruin join, 190
 And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
 Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
 Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,
 Shall all be vain: when heav'n's revenge is slow,
 Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow. 195
 The day shall come, that great avenging day,
 Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
 When Priam's pow'rs and Priam's self shall fall,
 And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
 I see the god, already from the pole, 200
 Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
 I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,
 And shake his Ægis o'er their guilty head.
 Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait;
 But thou, alas; deserv'st a happier fate. 205
 Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
 And only mourn, without my share of praise?
 Depriv'd of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
 Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;
 Troy seiz'd of Helen, and our glory lost, 210
 Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast;
 While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,
 (And spurns the dust where Menelaus lies;)
 'Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings.
 'And such the conquest of her king of kings! 215
 'Lo, his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,
 'And, unreveng'd, his mighty brother slain.'
 Oh! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
 O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's shame.
 He said: a leader's and a brother's fears 220
 Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:

Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate :
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate :
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My vary'd belt repell'd the flying wound. 225

To whom the king : My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may heav'n thy life defend !
Now seek some skilful hand, whose pow'rful art
May stench th' effusion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaon bring 230
His speedy succour to the Spartan king ;
Pierc'd with a winged shaft, (the deed of Troy,)
'The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy.

With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies ;
Thro' the thick files he darts his searching eyes, 235
And finds Machaon, where sublime he stands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus : Machaon, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care ;
Pierc'd by some Lycian or Dardaian bow, 240
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man ;
Swift to his succour thro' the ranks he ran :
The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around, 245
Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Strait the broad belt with gay embroid'ry grac'd
He loos'd ; the corslet from his breast unbrac'd ;
'Then suck'd the blood, and sov'reign balm infus'd, 250
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius us'd.

While round the prince the Greeks employ their care ;
The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war ;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms ;
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms, 255
Nor had you seen the king of men appear
Confus'd, inactive, or surpris'd with fear ;
But, fond, of glory, with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight.
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd, 260
Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlay'd ;
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide ;
'The fiery coursers snorted at his side.

On foot thro' all the martial ranks he moves,
And these encourages, and those reproves. 265

Brave men ! he cries, (to such who boldly dare
Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war,)

Your ancient valour on the foes approve ;
Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove. 270

'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread,
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjurd head ;
Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,
And her dead warriors strow the mournful plains.

Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires ;
Or this the fearful with reproaches fires : 275

Shame to your country, scandal of your kind !
Born to the fate you well deserv'd to find !

Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain ?
Confus'd, and panting thus, the hunted deer 280,
Falls, as he flies, a victim to his fear.

Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire ?
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chace,
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race ? 285

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng :
High at their head he saw the chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.

At this the king his gen'rous joy exprest, 290
And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast :

Divine Idomeneus ! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine ? what praise shall we bestow ?
To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
First in the fight and ev'ry graceful deed. 295

For this, in banquets, when the gen'rous bowls
Restore our blood, and raise the warrior's souls,

Tho' all the rest with stated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd are thy goblets crown'd.
Be still thyself ; in arms a mighty name ; 300
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.

To whom the Cretan thus his speech address :

Secure of me, O king ! exhort the rest ;
Fix'd to thy side, in ev'ry toil I share,
Thy firm associate in the day of war. 305

But let the signal be this moment giv'n ;
To mix in fight is all I ask of heaven.
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed. 309

Charm'd with his heat, the king his course pursues,
And next the troops of either Ajax views :
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around ;
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swain survey's the gath'ring storm below ; 315
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,
The cloud condensing as the west-wind blows :
He dreads the impending storm, and drives his flock 320
To the close covert of an arching rock.

Such, and so thick, th' embattel'd squadrons stood,
With spears erect, a moving iron wood ;
A shady light was shot from glitt'ring shields,
And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields. 325

O heroes ! worthy such a dauntless train,
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaim'd the king,) who raise your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands.
Ah would the gods but breathe in all the rest 330
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast !

Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie smoaking on the ground.

Then to the next the gen'ral bends his course ;
(His heart exults, and glories in his force ;) 335

There rev'rend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inspiring eloquence commands ;
With strictest orders sets his train in arms,
The chief advises, and the soldier warms.
Alastor, Chronius, Hæmon, round him wait, 340
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.

The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind ;
The middle space suspected troops supply,
Inclos'd by both, nor left the pow'r to fly : 345
He gives command to curb the fiery steed,
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed ;

Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
No strength nor skill, but just in time, be try'd:
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein, 350
But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;
Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with jav'lines to provoke the war. 355
Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preserv'd their force,
By laws like these immortal conquests made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.

So spoke the master of the martial art, 360
And touch'd with transport great Atrides' heart.
Oh! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires!
But wasting ears, that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace. 365
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.

Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd;
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd.
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew 370
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.
But heav'n its gifts not all at once bestows,
These years with wisdom crowns, with actions those;
The field of combat fits the young and bold, 376
The solemn council best becomes the old;
To you the glorious conflict I resign,
Let sage advice, the palm of age be mine.

He said. With joy the monarch march'd before, 380
And found Menestheus on the dusky shore,
With whom the firm Athenion phalanx stands;
And next Ulysses with his subject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
The peace infring'd, nor heard the sounds of war; 385
The tumult late begun, they stood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of the event.
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,
With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd.

Can Peteus' son forget a warrior's part,
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in every art! 390

Why stand you distant and the rest expect
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?
From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare
The shock of armies, and commence the war. 395

For this your names are call'd, before the rest,
To share the pleasures of the genial feast:
And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey
Whole troops before you lab'ring in the fray!
Say, is it thus those honours we requite? 400
The first in banquets, but the last in fight.

Ulysses heard; the hero's warmth o'erspread
His cheek with blushes: and severe, he said;
Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold we stand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command: 405
If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.
'Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.

Struck with his gen'rous wrath, the king replies 410
Oh great in action, and in council wise!

With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the transport of a martial mind. 415

Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;
'The gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.

He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array;
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his side,) 420

To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd;
Oh son of Tydeus! (he whose strength could tame
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name,)
Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,
With hands inactive, and a careless eye? 425

Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd:
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the ranks of fight!
I saw him once, when gath'ring martial pow'rs 530
A peaceful guest, he sought Mycenæ's tow'rs;

Armies he ask'd, and armies had been giv'n,
 Not we deny'd, but Jove forbade from heav'n;
 While dreadful comets glaring from afar,
 Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war. 435
 Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,
 A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;
 Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
 Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.
 The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found, 440
 And dar'd to combat all these chiefs around;
 Dar'd and subdu'd before their haughty lord;
 For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
 Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
 To bar his passage fifty warriors lay; 445
 Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
 Mocon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
 Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
 He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
 Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire; 450
 Gods! how the son degen'rates from the sire?
 No words the godlike Diomed return'd,
 But heard respectful and in secret burn'd;
 Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son,
 Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun. 455
 What needs, O monarch! This invidious praise,
 Ourselves to lessen, while our sires you raise?
 Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess
 Our valour equal, tho' our fury less.
 With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall, 460
 And happier saw the sevenfold city fall.
 In impious act the guilty fathers dy'd;
 The sons subdued, for heav'n was on their side.
 Far more than heirs of all our parents fame,
 Our glories darken their diminish'd name. 465
 To him Dydidus thus. My friend, forbear,
 Suppress thy passion, and the king revere:
 His high concern may well excuse this rage,
 Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage;
 His the first praise, were Ilions tow'rs o'erthrown, 470
 And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.
 Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
 'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car : his ringing arms resound. 475
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd 'Iydides rushing to the war.
As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whit'ning surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore, 480
The wave behind rolls on the wave before ;
Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along. 485
Sedate and silent move the num'rous bands ;
No sound, no whisper, but the chiefs commands,
Those only heard ; with awe the rest obey,
As if some god had snatch'd their voice away.
Not so the Trojans ; from their host ascends 490
A gen'ral shout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighb'ring hills ; 495
Such clamours rose from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
Each host now joins, and each a god inspires,
'These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.
Pale flight around, and dreadful terror reign ; 500
And Discord raging bathes the purple plain :
Discord ! dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r,
Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour,
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around ; 505
The nations bleed where'er her steps she turns,
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.
Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew, 510
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew.
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise ;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide. 515

As torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,
 With rage impetuous down their echoing hills ;
 Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,
 Roar thro' a thousand channels to the main ;
 The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound, 520
 So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.

The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
 The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead ;
 At great Echepolus the lance arrives,
 Raz'd his high crest, and thro' his helmet drives ; 525
 Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
 And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.
 So sinks a tow'r, that long assaults had stood
 Of force and fire ; its walls besmear'd with blood.
 Him, the bold leader * of th' Abantian throng 530
 Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along :
 But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,
 Agenor's jav'lin reach'd the hero's heart.
 His flank unguarded by his ample shield,
 Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field ; 535
 The nerves unbrac'd support his limbs no more ;
 The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.
 Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain ;
 The war renews, the warriors bleed again ;
 As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage, 540
 Mandies on man, and all is blood and rage.

In blooming youth fair Simoisius fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell :
 Fair Simoisius, whom his mother bore
 Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore : 545
 The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,
 To seek her parents on his flow'ry side,
 Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
 And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.
 Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax slain, 550
 He falls, and renders all their cares in vain !
 So falls a poplar, that in wat'ry ground
 Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,
 (Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
 To shape the circle of the bending wheel,) 555

* Elphenor.

Cut down it lies ; tall, smooth, and largely spread,
 With all its beauteous honours on its head ;
 There left a subject to the wind and rain,
 And scorch'd by suns it withers on the plain.
 Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoisius lies 560
 Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At Ajax Antiphus his jav'lin threw ;
 The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
 And Leucus, lov'd by wise Ulysses, slew.
 He drops the corpse of Simoisius slain, 565
 And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.
 This saw Ulysses, and with grief enrag'd,
 Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd :
 Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
 In act to throw ; but cautious, look'd around. 570
 Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew,
 And trembling heard the jav'lin as it flew.
 A chief stood nigh who from Abydos came,
 Old Priam's son, Democoon was his name ;
 The weapon enter'd close above his ear, 575
 Cold thro' his temples glides the whizzing spear ;
 With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,
 His eye-balls darken with the shades of death ;
 Pond'rous he falls ; his clanging arms resound ;
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground. 580

Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear ;
 Ev'n god-like Hector seems himself to fear ;
 Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled ;
 The Greeks with shouts press'd on, and spoil the dead ;
 But Phœbus now from Ilion's tow'ring height 585
 Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
 Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose ;
 Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes !
 Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel ;
 Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel. 590
 Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before ?
 The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.

Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty tow'rs,
 Array'd in terrors, rous'd the Trojan pow'rs :
 While wars fierce goddess fires the Grecian foe, 595
 And shouts and thunders in the fields below.

Then great Diores fell, by doom divine,
 In vain his valour, and illustrious line.
 A broken rock the force of Pirus threw,
 (Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew,) 600

Full on his ancle dropt the pond'rous stone,
 Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone:
 Supine he tumbles on the crimson'd sands,
 Before his helpless friends, and native bands,
 And spreads for aid his unavailing hands. 605 }

The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
 And thro' his navel drove the pointed death:
 His gushing entrails smok'd upon the ground,
 And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

His lance bold Thoas at the conqu'ror sent, 610

Deep in his breast, above the pap it went,
 Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
 And quiv'ring in his heaving bosom stood:
 Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
 Th' Ætolion warrior tugg'd his weighty spear: 615

'Then sudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,
 And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
 The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
 To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
 The Thracian bands against the victor press'd; 620

A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.

Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,

In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,
 And one the leader of th' Epeian race; 625

Death's sable shade at once o'ercastr'd their eyes,

In dust the vanquish'd and the victor lies.

With copious slaughter all the fields are red,

And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld, 630

By Pallas guarded thro' the dreadful field,

Might darts be bid to turn their points away,

And swords around him innocently play,

The war's whole art with wonder he had seen,

And counted heroes where he counted men. 635

So fought each host, with thirst of glory fir'd,

And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.

THE
I L I A D.

BOOK V.

The Argument.

The acts of Diomed.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that god; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

BUT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play, 5
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
Th' unweary'd blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,

- When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
 And bath'd in ocean, shoots a keener light. 10
 Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd;
 Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd:
 Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
 Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.
- The sons of Dares first the combat sought, 15
 A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
 In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
 The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
 These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
 These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain. 20
 Fierce for renown, the brother-chiefs draw near,
 And first bold Phegeus cast his sounding spear,
 Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
 And spent in empty air its erring force.
- Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain, 25
 But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.
 Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled,
 Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.
 And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,
 He too had sunk to death's eternal shade; 30
 But in a smokey cloud the god of fire
 Preserv'd the son in pity to the sire.
 The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
 Increas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed.
- Struck with amaze, and sham'd, the Trojan crew 35
 Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;
 When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva prest
 The god of battles, and this speech address.
- Stern pow'r of war! by whom the mighty fall,
 Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall! 40
 e t the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
 And whose the conquest mighty Jove decide:
 While we from interdicted fields retire,
 Nor tempt the wrath of heav'n's avenging Sire.
- Her words allay'd th' impetuous warrior's heat, 45
 The god of arms and martial maid retreat;
 Renov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flow'ry bounds
 They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.
- Mean time the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,
 And some bold chieftain ev'ry leader slew: 50

First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,
His death eunobled by Atrides' hand;
As he to flight his wheeling car addrest,
The speedy jav'lin drove from back to breast.
In dust the mighty Halizonian lay,
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

55

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' protended steel;
Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)
From fruitful Tarne to the fields of 'Iroy,
The Cretan jav'lin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

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Then dy'd Scamandrius, expert in the chace,
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race;
Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies;
From Menelaus' arm the weapon sent,
Thro' his broad back and heaving bosom went:
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

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Next artful Phereclus untimely fell;
Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
The graceful fabric, and the fair design;
For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
But he, the mystic will of heav'n unknown,
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled,
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead.
Thro' his right hip, with forceful fury cast,
Between the bladder and the bone it past:
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes.
From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,

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Whose gen'rous spouse, Theano, heav'nly fear,
 Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.
 How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear 95
 Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear;
 Swift thro' his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
 And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd Hypsenor, gen'rous and divine,
 Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty line, 100
 Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
 Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a god.
 On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
 Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
 On his broad shoulder fell the forceful brand, 105
 Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
 Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand,
 Down sunk the priest: the purple hand of death
 Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in diff'ring parts engag'd; 110
 In ev'ry quarter fierce Tydides rag'd,
 Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
 Rapt thro' the ranks he thunders o'er the plain;
 Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
 Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face. 115
 Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
 Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,
 Thro' ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
 O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds;
 The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year, 120
 And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!
 While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
 And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,
 Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire. 125
 With grief the leader * of the Lycian band
 Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:
 His bended bow against the chief he drew;
 Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
 Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore, 130
 Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore!
 The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
 While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd.

* Pandarus.

Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds. 135
Not long the deathful dart he can sustain;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stop't short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief behind his car retir'd, 140
The helping hand of Sthenelus requir'd;
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;
When thus the king his guardian pow'r address,
The purple current wand'ring o'er his vest. 145

O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my god-like sire deserv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;
Now goddess, now, thy sacred succour yield:
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight, 150
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight;
And lay the boaster grov'ling on the shore,
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.

Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard,
His nerves confirm'd his languid spirits cheer'd; 155
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.
Be bold (she cry'd), in every combat shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Rush to the light, and ev'ry foe controul; 160
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul;
Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,
And all thy god-like father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring deities. 165

These see thou shun, thro' all th' embattel'd plain,
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.
If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her shalt thou wound: so Pallas gives command.

With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight, 170
The Hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls; 175

If chance some shepherd with a distant dart,
 The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
 He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,
 But trembling leaves the scatt'ring flocks a prey.
 Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
 Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound 181
 Not with less fury stern Tydides flew;
 And two brave leaders at an instant slew;
 Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
 His peoples pastor, good Hypenor, dy'd; 185
 Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,
 Hypenor's shoulder his broad faulchion cleaves.
 Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage,
 Abas and Polydius to engage;
 Sons of Eurydamus, who, wise and old, 190
 Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
 The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
 And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;
 No mystic dreams could make their fates appear,
 Tho' now determin'd by Tydides, spear. 195
 Young Xanthus next and Thoon felt his rage,
 The joy and hope of Phænop's feeble age;
 Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
 Of all his labours, and a life of cares;
 Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years, 200
 And leaves their father's unavailing tears:
 To strangers now descends his heapy store,
 The race forgotten, and the name no more.
 Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,
 Glitt'ring in arms, and combat side by side. 205
 As when the lordly lion seeks his food,
 Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
 He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
 Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground:
 So from their seats the brother-chiefs are torn, 210
 Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.
 With deep concern, divine Æneas view'd
 The foe prevailing, and his friends pursu'd,
 Thro' the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
 Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes. 215
 At length he found Lycaon's mighty son;
 To whom the chief of Venus' race begun.

Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrival'd fame, 220
And boasted glory of the Lycian name?
Oh pierce that mortal ! if we mortal call
That wond'rous force by which whole armies fall;
Or god incens'd, who quits the distant skies
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice; 225
(Which oh avert from our unhappy state !
For what so dreadful as celestial hate !)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with pray'r ;
If man, destroy ; if god, intreat to spare.
To him the Lycian. Whom your eyes behold, 230
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold.
Such coursers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So tow'rs his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 'tis a god, he wears that chief's disguise ;
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies, 235
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell,
And, but some god, some angry god withstands, 240
His fate was due to these unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I sought the war,
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.
Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome : 245
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand ;
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.
The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas ;
In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide, 250
And thro' the ranks of death triumphant ride.
But vain with youth, and yet to thirst inclin'd,
I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,
And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town : 255
So took my bow, and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.
Too late, O friend ! my rashness I deplore ;
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.

Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found, 260
And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound.
In vain they bled : this unavailing bow
Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung. 265
Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field,
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield !
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims, 270
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.

To whom the leader of the Dardan race :
Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.
The distant dart be prais'd tho' here we need
The rushing chariot and the bounding steed. 275
Against yon hero let us bend our course,
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight ;
Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace, 280
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race :
Secure with these, thro' fighting fields we go,
Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
Haste seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein :
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain ; 285
Or if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.

O prince ! (Lycaon's valiant son reply'd),
As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
The horses practis'd to their lord's command, 290
Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand.
But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight :
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led. 295
Thine be the guidance then ; with spear and shield
Myself will charge this terror of the fiend.

And now both heroes mount the glitt'ring car ;
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.
Their first approach bold Sthenelus espy'd, 300
Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cry'd.

O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo, the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,
And great Æneas, sprung from race divine! 305
Enough is given to fame, ascend thy car;
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with scorn, and thus he spoke.
Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight? 310

Me would'st thou move to base inglorious flight?
Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.

I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance; 315
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe, and emulate my sire.

Nor shall yon steeds that fierce to fight convey
Those threat'ning heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die; 320
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.

But if she dooms, and if no god withstand,
That both shall fall by one victorious hand;
Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein; 325

Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,
And seize the coursers of æthereal breed.
The race of those, which once the thund'ring god
For ravish'd Ganymede on 'Tros bestow'd,
The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run, 330
Beneath the rising or the setting sun.

Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown,
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon:
Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
And two transport Æneas o'er the plain. 335

These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Thro' the wide world should make our glory known.

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,
And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun.
Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain assail'd, 340
The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

He said, then shook the pond'rous lance, and flung, }
On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung, }
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung.

He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries), 345

Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies!

Mistaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd;

Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:

Ye'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hostile blood shall glut the god of war. 350

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,

Which, driv'n by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;

Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt

The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within, 355

Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin,

Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;

Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound:

The starting coursers tremble with affright;

The soul indignant seeks the realms of night. 360

To guard his slaughter'd friend Æneas flies,

His spear extending where the carcase lies;

Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,

As the grim lion stalks around his prey.

O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd, 365

He hides the hero with his mighty shade,

And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes

Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.

Then fierce Tydides stoops; and from the fields.

Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields. 370

Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,

Such men as live in these degen'rate days.

He swung it round; and gath'ring strength to throw,

Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe.

Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites, 375

Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;

Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged stone,

And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.

Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains,

His falling bulk his bended arm sustains; 380

Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;

A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.

There the brave chief, who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love 385
She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguish and despair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows, 390
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The swords wave harmless, and the jav'ins fail:
Safe thro' the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shaft, she bears him from the fight.

Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands, 395
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands;
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.
Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains
The heav'nly coursers with the flowing manes: 400
These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd.
That charge to bold Deipylus he gave,
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave),
'Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein, 405
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.

Mean while (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chace of Venus flies:
No goddess she commission'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield, 410
Or fierce Belonna thund'ring at the wall,
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends, 415
And at the goddess his broad lance extends;
Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambrosial veil, which all the Graces wove;
Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd. 420
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded god:
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:

For not the bread of man their life sustains, 425
 Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)
 With tender shrieks the goddess fill'd the place,
 And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.
 Him Phœbus took: he casts a cloud around
 The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound. 430.
 Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,
 The king insults the goddess as she flies.
 Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
 The field of combat is no scene for thee:
 Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care, 435
 Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.
 Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
 And learn to tremble at the name of arms.
 Tydides thus. The goddess, seiz'd with dread,
 Contus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled. 440
 To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,
 Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.
 The queen of love with faded charms she found,
 Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
 To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way; 445
 Far on the left, with cloud's involv'd he lay;
 Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,
 And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.
 Low at his knee she begg'd, with streaming eyes,
 Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies, 450
 And shew'd the wound by fierce Tydides giv'n,
 A mortal man, who dares encounter heav'n.
 Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
 And to her hand commits the golden rein;
 She mounts the seat oppress'd with silent woe, 455
 Driv'n by the goddess of the painted bow.
 The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
 And in a moment scales the lofty skies.
 There stopp'd the car, and there the coursers stood,
 Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food; 460
 Before her mother Love's bright queen appears,
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolv'd in tears;
 She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
 And ask'd, what god had wrought this guilty deed?
 'Then she: This insult from no god I found, 465
 An impious mortal gave the daring wound!

Behold the deed of haughty Diomed !

'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.

The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage ;

But with the gods (th' immortal gods) engage. 470

Dione then. Thy wrongs with patience bear,

And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share :

Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,

And men with woes afflict the gods again.

The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound, 475

And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,

Full thirteen moons in prison roar'd in vain ;

Otus and Ephialtes held the chain :

Perhaps had perish'd ; had not Hermes' care

Restor'd the groaning god to upper air. 480

Great Juno's self has borne her weight of pain,

Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly reign ;

Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,

And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.

Ev'n hell's grim king Alcides' pow'r confest, 485

The shaft found entrance in his iron breast ;

To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,

Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead ;

Where Pæon sprinkling heav'nly balm around,

Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound. 490

Rash, impious man ! to stain the blest abodes,

And drench his arrows in the blood of gods !

But thou (tho' Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed)

Whose spear ill-fated makes a goddess bleed,

Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r contends, 495

Short is his date, and soon his glory ends ;

From fields of death when late he shall retire,

No infant on his knees shall call him sire.

Strong as thou art, some god may yet be found,

To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground ; 500

Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair,

Starting from sleep with a distracted air,

Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,

The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more !

This said, she wip'd from Venus' wounded palm 505

The sacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.

Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,

And thus to Jove began the blue-ey'd maid ;

Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove ! to tell
 How this mischance the Cyprian queen befel. 510
 As late she try'd with passion to inflame
 The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,
 Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
 To quit her country for some youth of Troy ;
 The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound, 515
 Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound.

The sire of gods and men superior smil'd,
 And, calling Venus, thus address his child :
 Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares ;
 Thee milder arts besit, and softer wars ; 520
 Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms ;
 To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.

Thus they in heav'n : while on the plain below
 The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,
 Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way, 525
 And fearless dar'd the threat'ning god of day ;
 Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
 Tho' screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.
 Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he struck ;
 His brazen buckler thrice Apollo shook ; 530
 He try'd the fourth ; when breaking from the cloud,
 A more than mortal voice was heard aloud :

O son of Tydeus, cease ! be wise, and see
 How vast the difference of the gods and thee :
 Distance immense ! between the pow'rs that shine 535
 Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
 And mortal man ! a wretch of humble birth,
 A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

So spoke the god who darts celestial fires ;
 He dreads his fury, and some steps retires. 540
 Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
 To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place ;
 Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
 With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
 This done, the patron of the silver bow 545
 A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show
 With great Æneas ; such the form he bore,
 And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
 Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,
 And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engag'd. 550

Mean time on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,
And calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging god ;
Stern pow'r of arms, by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake the embattel'd wall,
Rise in thy wrath ! to hell's abhorr'd abode 555
Dispatch yon Greek, and vindicate the gods.

First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage ;
Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage :
The wretch would brave high heav'n's immortal sire,
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire. 560

The god of battle issues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train ;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enrag'd, to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd :

How long, ye sons of Priam ! will ye fly, 565
And unreveng'd see Priam's people die ?
Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,

And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy ?
Lo, brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,
Not god-like Hector more in arms renown'd : 570

Haste all, and take the gen'rous warrior's part :
He said ; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,

And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words address'd ;
Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost, 575

Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,
'That propt alone by Priam's race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand ?

Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends. 580

Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.

Far distant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest, 585

A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast ;
With those I left whatever dear could be ;
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.

Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear : 590

While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.

Haste, warrior, haste ! preserve thy threaten'd state,
Or one vast burst of all-involving fate
Full o'er your tow'rs shall fall, and sweep away 595
Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
Rouze all thy Trojans; urge thy aids to fight;
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night :
With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose :
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes. 600
Stung to the heart the gen'rous Hector hears,
But just reproof with decent silence bears.
From his proud car the prince impetuous springs ;
On earth he leaps ; his brazen armour rings.
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands ; 605
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight :
They turn, they stand : the Greeks their fury dare,
Condense their pow'rs, and wait the growing war. 610
As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn ;
The grey dust, rising with collected winds, 615
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds ;
So white with dust the Grecian host appears,
From trampling steeds, and thund'ring charioteers.
The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies. 620
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,
And adds new horrors to the darken'd field :
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil
In Troy's defence Apollo's heavenly will ;
Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd maid retires, 625
Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.
And now the god, from forth his sacred fane,
Produc'd Æneas to the shouting train ;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he stood, and vig'rous from his wound ; 630
Inquiries none they made ; the dreadful day
No pause of words admits, no dull delay ;
Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames.

Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood
And great Ulysses bath'd in hostile blood. 636

Embody'd close, the lab'ring Grecian train
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain;
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate. 640

So when th' embattel'd clouds in dark array
Along the skies their gloomy lines display,
When now the North his boist'rous rage has spent,
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element,
The low-hung vapours, motionless and still, 645
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill,
Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,
Dispers'd and broken thro' the ruffled skies.

Nor was the gen'ral wanting to his train;
From troop to troop he toils thro' all the plain. 650
Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave associates, and yourselves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
On valour's side the odds of combat ly, 655
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance
To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's chance;
Æneas' friend, and in his native place 661
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race;
Long had he fought the foremost in the field;
But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield:
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay, 665
Thro' his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way;
The grizly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell;
His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,
In dust Orsilochns and Crethon laid, 670
Whose sire Diocleus, wealthy, brave, and great
In well-built Phœæ held his lofty seat:
Sprung from Alpheus, plenteous stream! that yields
Increase of harvests to the Pylian fields.
He got Orsilochns, Diocleus he, 675
And these descended in the third degree.

Too early expert in the martial toil,
In sable ships they left their native soil,
T' avenge Atrides: now, untimely slain,
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain. 680
So two young mountain-lions, nurs'd with blood
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood.
Rush fearless to the plains, and, uncontroul'd,
Depopulate the stalls, and waste the fold,
Till pierc'd at distance from their native den, 685
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain-firs, as tall and straight as they.
Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies; 690
Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,
The god but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own,
Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be slain,
And all his country's glorious labours vain. 696
Already met the threat'ning heroes stand;
The spears already tremble in their hand
In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king. 700
These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course,
Brave as he was, and shun'd unequal force.
The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew;
Then mixt in combat, and their toils renew.
First Pylæmenes, great in battle, bled 705
Who, sheath'd in brass, the Paphlagonians led.
Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood;
Fix'd in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
His flying coursers sunk to endless night: 710
A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone;
From his numb'd hand, the iv'ry-studded reins,
Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:
Mean while his temples feel a deadly wound; 715
He groans in death, and pond'rous sinks to ground:
Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
The head stood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air;

Till trampled flat beneath the coursers feet,
 The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,
 And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet. 720 }

Great Hector saw, and raging at the view,
 Pours on the Greeks : the Trojan troops pursue :
 He fires his host with animating cries,
 And brings along the furies of the skies. 725

Mars, stern destroyer ! and Bellona dread,
 Flame in the front, and thunder at their head :
 This swells the tumult and the rage of fight ;
 That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light ;
 Where Hector march'd, the god of battles shin'd, 730
 Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

Tydidcs paus'd amidst his full career ;
 Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
 As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
 And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes ; 735
 If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
 And foam impervious cross the wand'rer's way,
 Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,
 Eyes the rough waves, and, tir'd returns at last.

Amaz'd no less the great Tydides stands ; 740
 He stay'd, and turning, thus address'd his bands ;

No wonder, Greeks ! that all to Hector yield ;
 Secure of fav'ring gods, he takes the field ;
 His strokes they second, and avert our spears :
 Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears ! 745
 Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow ;
 Retire, but with your faces to the foe.

Trust not too much your unavailing might ;
 'Tis not with Troy, but with the gods ye fight.

Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew ;
 And first two leaders valiant Hector slew, 751
 His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,
 In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd ;
 In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,
 And fought united, and united dy'd. 755

Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows
 With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
 His massy spear, with matchless fury sent,
 Thro' Amphius' belt and heaving belly went :

Amphius Apæsus' happy soil possess'd 760
 With herds abounding, and with treasure bless'd ;
 But fate resistless from his country led
 The chief to perish at his people's head.

Shook with his fall his brazen armour rung,
 And, fierce to seize it, conqu'ring Ajax sprung ; 765
 Around his head an iron tempest rain'd ;
 A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd :

Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpse he prest,
 And drew his jav'lin from the bleeding breast :
 He could no more ; the show'ring darts deny'd 770
 To spoil his glitt'ring arms, and plumy pride.

Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
 With bristling lances and compacted shields ;
 'Till in the steely circle straiten'd round,
 Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground. 775

While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
 Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,
 Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove ;
 Alchides' offspring meets the son of Jove.

Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,
 Jove's great descendant, and his greater son. 781
 Prepar'd for combat ere the lance he tost,
 The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast :

What brings this Lycian counsellor so far
 To tremble at our arms, not mix in war ? 785
 Know thy vain self, nor let their flatt'ry move,
 Who stile thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.

How far unlike those chiefs of race divine !
 How vast the difference of their deeds and thine !
 Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul 790
 No fear could daunt, nor earth, nor hell controul.

Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand
 Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand :
 With six small ships, and but a slender train,
 He left the town, a wide-deserted plain. 795

But what art thou, who deedless look'st around,
 While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground ?
 Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be ;
 But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.
 Pierc'd by my spear to endless darkness go ! 800

I make this present to the shades below.

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king reply'd :

Thy sire, O prince ! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,
Whose perjur'd monarch well deserv'd his fate ; 805

Those heav'nly steeds the hero sought so far,
False he detain'd, the just reward of war ;
Nor so content, the gen'rous chief defy'd
With base reproaches, and unmanly pride.

But you, unworthy the high race you boast, 810
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost :

Now meet thy fate, and by Sarpedon slain,
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.

He said : both jav'lines at an instant flew ;
Both struck, both wounded, but Sarpedon slew ; 815

Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood,
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood ;

The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown 820
Thy angry lance, which, piercing to the bone

Sarpedon's thigh had robb'd the chief of breath ;
But Jove was present, and forbade the death.

Borne from the conflict by his Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along. 825

(His friends, each busy'd in his sev'ral part,
Thro' haste or danger, had not drawn the dart).

The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retir'd ;
Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fir'd ;

Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue, 830
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.

But Heav'n and Fate the first design withstand,
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.

Minerva drives him on the Lycian train ;
Alastor, Cromius, Hallius, strow'd the plain, 835

Alcander, Prytanis, Noemon, fell,
And numbers more his sword had sent to hell ;

But Hector saw, and, furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight,

With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief, 840
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief ;

Oh suffer not the foe to bear away

My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey ;

If I, unblest, must see my son no more,
My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore, 845
Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall;

Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies,
Swift as a whirlwind drives the scatt'ring foes, 850
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.

Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid :
Brave Pelagon, his fav'rite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the jav'lin from his sinewy thigh. 855

The fainting soul stood ready-wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls swum the shades of night;
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death,
'The gen'rous Greeks recede with tardy peace, 860
'Tho' Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight;
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating fight.

Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand? 865
'Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd

For manag'd steeds, and Trechus, press'd the ground ;
Next Oenomaus, and Oenop's offspring, dy'd ;
Oresbius last fell groaning at their side ;
Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay, 870

In sat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,
Where lakes surround low Hyle's watry plain ;
A prince and people studious of their gain.

The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
And, touch'd with grief, bespoke the blue-ey'd maid, 875

Oh fight accurst ! shall faithless Troy prevail,
And shall our promise to our people fail ?

How vain the word to Menelaus giv'n
By Jove's great daughter and the queen of heav'n,
Beneath his arms that Priam's tow'rs shall fall, 880
If warring gods for ever guard the wall !

Mars red with slaughter, aids our hated foes ;
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose ?

She spoke ! Minerva burns to meet the war ;
And now heav'n's empress calls her blazing car, 885

At her command rush forth the steeds divine ;
 Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
 Bright Hebe waits ; by Hebe, ever young,
 The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
 On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel 890
 Of sounding brass ; the polish'd axle steel.
 Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame ;
 The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
 Such as the heav'ns produce ; and round the gold
 Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd. 895
 The bossy naves of solid silver shone ;
 Braces of gold suspend the moving throne :
 The car behind an arching figure bore ;
 The bending concave form'd an arch before.
 Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold, 900
 And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.
 Herself, impatient, to the ready car
 The coursers join, and breathes revenge and war.
 Pallas disrobes ; her radiant veil unty'd,
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diversity'd, 905
 (The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove),
 Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
 Now heav'n's dread arms her mighty limbs invest ;
 Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast ;
 Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field, 910
 O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
 Dire, black, tremendous ! round the margin roll'd,
 A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold :
 Here all the terrors of grim war appear,
 Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear, 915
 Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
 And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
 The massy golden helm she next assumes,
 That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes ;
 So vast, the broad circumference contains 920
 A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
 The goddess thus th' imperial car ascends ;
 Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,
 Pond'rous and huge, that when her fury burns,
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns. 925
 Swift as the scourge th' ethereal coursers fly,
 While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.

Heav'n's gate spontaneous open to the pow'rs
 Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;
 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, 930
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
 Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
 Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.
 The sounding hinges ring: on either side
 The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide. 935
 The chariot mounts, where, deep in ambient skies
 Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads arise;
 Where far apart the thund'rer fills his throne,
 O'er all the gods, superior and alone.
 There with her snowy hand the queen restrains 940
 The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains:
 O sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?
 Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
 What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain!
 What rash destruction, and what heroes slain! 945
 Venus and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
 Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.
 Mad, furious pow'r! whose unrelenting mind
 No god can govern, and no justice bind.
 Say mighty father! shall we scourge his pride, 950
 And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?
 'To whom assenting, thus the thund'rer said:
 Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.
 'To me the monster-god Minerva knows,
 And oft' afflicts his brutal breast with woes. 955
 He said, Saturnia, ardent to obey,
 Lash'd her white steeds along th' ærial way.
 Swift down the steep of heav'n the chariot rolls,
 Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.
 Far, as a shepherd, from some point on high, 960
 O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;
 Thro' such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,
 At ev'ry leap th' immortal coursers bound.
 Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks divine
 Where silver Simois and Scamander join. 965
 There Juno stopp'd and (her fair steeds unloos'd!
 Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:
 For these, impregnate with celestial dew,
 On Simois' brink ambrosial herbage grew.

Thence, to relieve the fainting Argive throng, 970
 Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.
 The best and bravest of the Grecian band
 (A warlike circle) round 'Tydides stand;
 Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
 Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood. 975
 Heav'n's empress mingles with the mortal crowd,
 And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud;
 Stentor the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs,
 Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.
 Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame, 980
 And only men in figure and in name!
 Once from the walls your tim'rous foes engag'd,
 While, fierce in war, divine Achilles rag'd;
 Now, issuing fearless they possess the plain,
 Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain. 985
 Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
 While near 'Tydides stood th' Athenian maid;
 The king beside his panting steeds she found,
 O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:
 To cool his glowing wound he sat apart, 990
 (The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart),
 Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,
 Beneath his pond'rous shield his sinews bend,
 Whose ample belt that o'er his shoulders lay,
 He eas'd and wash'd the clotted gore away. 995
 'The goddess, leaning o'er the bending yoke
 Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke:
 Degen'rate prince! and not of 'Tydeus' kind,
 Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind;
 Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share, 1000
 And scarce refrain'd when I forebade the war.
 Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go,
 And feast encircled by the Theban foe:
 There brav'd and vanquish'd many a hardy knight;
 Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight. 1005
 'Thou too no less hast been my constant care;
 Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:
 But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;
 No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.
 The chief thus answer'd mild: Immortal maid! 1010
 I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.

Not fear, thou know'st, with-holds me from the plains,
 Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:
 From warring gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,
 And Venus only found resistance here. 1015

Hence, goddess! heedful of thy high commands,
 Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands;
 For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,
 With slaughter red, and raging round the field.

Then thus Minerva: Brave Tydides hear? 1020
 Not Mars himself nor ought immortal fear.

Full on the god impel thy foaming horse:
 Pallas commands, and Pallas lends the force.
 Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,
 And ev'ry side of wav'ring combat tries; 1025
 Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;
 Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,
 Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.
 'The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends, 1030
 Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends.

'The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
 So great a hero, and so great a god.
 She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
 And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse; 1035
 But first, to hide her heav'nly visage, spread
 Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,
 'The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;
 The god who slew him leaves his prostrate prize 1040
 Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.

Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear
 The daring Greek, the dreadful god of war!
 Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
 From Mars his arm th' enormous weapon fled: 1045

Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance,
 Far from the car, the strong immortal lance,
 'Then threw the force of 'Tydeus' warlike son;
 The jav'lin hiss'd; the goddess urg'd it on;
 Where the broad cincture girt his armour round. 1050
 It pierc'd the god: his groin receiv'd the wound.
 From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
 The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain;

Loud as the roar encount'ring armies yield,
When shouting millions shake the thund'ring field. 1055
Both armies start, and, trembling, gaze around ;
And earth and heav'n rebellow to the sound.
As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues and shedding seeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise, 1060
Choak the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies ;
In such a cloud the god from combat driv'n,
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heav'n.
Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,
There sullen sat beneath the sire of gods, 1065
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne :
Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this daring day ?
For mortal men celestial pow'rs engage, 1070
And gods on gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O father ! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear :
Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right. 1075
All heav'n beside reveres thy sov'reign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey :
'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending share
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care :
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown, 1080
Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.
Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Against th' immortals lifts his raging hand :
The heav'nly Venus first his fury found ;
Me next encount'ring, me he dar'd to wound : 1085
Vanquish'd I fled : ev'n I, the god of fight,
From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.
Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain !
Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages ly, 1090
Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.
Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The Lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke.
To me, perfidious ! this lamenting strain ?
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain ? 1095

Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies,
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.
No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells, 1100
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we use;
She gives th' example, and her son pursues.
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn, 1104
Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heav'nly born.
Else, sing'd with lightning, hadst thou hence been
thrown,
Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.
Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding god.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around, 1110
And heal'd the immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.
As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such, and so soon, th' æthereal texture join'd. 1115
Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebe drest
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
Glorious he sat, in majesty restor'd,
Fast by the throne of heav'n's superior lord.
Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes, 1120
Their task perform'd, and mix among the gods.

THE
I L I A D.

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

*The Episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector
and Andromache.*

THE gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to intreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle; and, having taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

NOW heav'n forsakes the fight: th' immortals yield
To human force and human skill, the field :
Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
Where Troy's fam'd streams *, that bound the deathful
plain, 5
On either side run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his faulchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground; 10
His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke imprest,
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest :

* Scamander and Simois.

Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
 And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
 Next 'Tuethras' son distain'd the sands with blood, 15
 Axyius, hospitable, rich, and good :
 In fair Arisba's walls (his native place)
 He held his seat ; a friend to human race.
 Fast by the road, his ever-open door
 Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor. 20
 To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
 No friend to guard him in the dreadful day !
 Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
 His faithful servant, old Calesius, dy'd.
 By great Euryalus was Dresus slain, 25
 And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
 Two twins were near, bold, beautiful and young,
 From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung :
 (Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
 That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed ; 30
 In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
 And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace,)
 Hear dead they lay in all their youthful charms :
 The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.
 Astyalus by Polypætēs fell ; 35
 Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell :
 By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaon bled,
 And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead ;
 Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
 The immortal wound of rich Elatus gave, 40
 Who held in Pedusus his proud abode,
 And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
 Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain ;
 And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
 Unblest Adrastus next at mercy lies. 45
 Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
 Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight.
 His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
 Rush'd on a Tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
 The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke ; 50
 Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
 For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
 Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel :
 Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel ;

The fallen chief, in suppliant posture, prest 55
The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address.

Oh spare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow ;
When fame shall tell, that not in battle slain
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain, 60
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told ;
And steal well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

He said : compassion touch'd the hero's heart.
He stood suspended with the lifted dart :
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize, 65
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious, thus. Oh impotent of mind !
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find ?
Well hast thou known proud 'Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand ! 70
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage :
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all ;
Her babes, her infants at the breast shall fall.
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate 75
To warn the nations, and to curb the great !

The monarch spoke ; the words with warmth address
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust !
The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust. 80
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warriors rage ;
Thus, heroes ! thus the vig'rous combat wage !
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains, 85
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glitt'ring host, your future spoil !
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.

And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd ; 90
Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,
Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast ;
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

Ye gen'rous chiefs ! on whom th' immortals lay 95
The cares and glories of this doubtful day,

On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,
Wise to consult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the rooted and forbid the flight; 100
Ere yet their wives soft arms the cowards gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.
When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
Ourselves here fix'd will make the dang'rous stand;
Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight, 105
These straits demand our last remains of might.
Mean while, thou Hector to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the gods require;
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane; 110
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tow'r.
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread; 115
And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
If so the pow'r aton'd by fervent pray'r,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides wasteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread, 121
Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus resistles roll'd the stream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.
Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound, 125
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe; 130
Fierce on the front he shakes two dazzling spears:
All Greece recedes, and midst her triumph fears.
Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.
Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntless Dardans hear!
And you whom distant nations send to war! 136
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.

One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altar's flame, and victims fall ; 140
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons holy train,
And rev'rend elders, seek the gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past ;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulders cast,
His neck o'ershading, to his ancle hung ; 145
And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle, (godlike Hector gone,)
When daring Glacus and great 'Tydeus' son
Between both armies met : the chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war, 150
Near as they drew, 'Tydides thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the race of man ?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field :
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear, 155
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.

Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires !
But if from heav'n, celestial, thou descend ;
Know, with immortals we no more contend. 160

Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight ;
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove,
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, 165
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound ;

While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms received the trembling god.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to move,
(Th' immortals blest with endless ease above,) 170
Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,

Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom :
Then sunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurst, and hated by the gods !

I brave not heav'n ; but if the fruits of earth 175
Sustains thy life, and human be thy birth ;
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,
(Reply'd the chief,) can Tydeus' son enquire ? 180

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground :
 Another race the following spring supplies,
 They fall successive, and successive rise ;
 So generations in their course decay, 185
 So flourish these, when those are past away.
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.
 A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,
 (Argos the fair for warlike steeds renown'd,) 190
 Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
 In ancient time the happy walls possest.
 Then call'd Ephyre : Glaucus was his son ;
 Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd, 195
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.
 Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptre sway'd,
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
 And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd. 200
 For him Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame ;
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
 Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
 Fir'd at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled, 205
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed :
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate ;
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate ;
 To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent. 210
 Now blest by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
 The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood :
 There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due ;
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd, 215
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd :
 The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.
 First dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd :
 A mingled monster of no mortal kind ; 220
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;

Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

This pest he slaughter'd, (for he read the skies ; 225
And trusted heaven's informing prodigies ;)
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fiercest of men,) and those the warrior slew.
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd ;
And conquer'd still, for heaven was on his side. 230

Nor ended here his toils ; his Lycian foes,
At his return, a treacherous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore ;
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

At length the monarch with repentant grief 235
Confess'd the gods, and god-descended chief ;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign.

The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvest crown'd.
There long the chief his happy lot possess'd, 241

With two brave sons, and one fair daughter bless'd,
(Fair ev'n in heavenly eyes ; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove ;)
But when at last, distracted in his mind, 245

Forsook by heaven, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er the Aleian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way !

Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart ;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart ; 250
His eldest born by raging Mars was slain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.

Hippolochus surviv'd ; from him I came ;
'The honour'd author of my birth and name ;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town, 255
By his instructions learn to win renown,
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty sire to place,
And emulate the glories of our race. 260

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart ;
In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,
'Then friendly thus, the Lycian prince address ;
Welcome, my brave hereditary guest !

Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace, 265
 Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
 Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old;
 Oeneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold:
 Our ancient seat his honour'd presence grac'd,
 Where twenty days in genial rites we pass'd. 270
 The parting heroes mutual presents left;
 A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
 Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
 That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stor'd 275
 Among my treasures still adorns my board:
 For Tydeus left me young, when Thebe's wall
 Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)
 Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
 If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline, 280 }
 My guest in Argos thou, and in I Lycia thine.
 Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
 In the full harvest of yon ample field;
 Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
 But thou and Diomed be foes no more. 285
 Now change we arms, and prove to either host
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast.
 Thus having said the gallant chiefs alight,
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
 Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd, 290
 (Jove warm'd his bosom, and enlarg'd his mind,)
 For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
 For which nine oxen paid, (a vulgar price,)
 He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought. 295
 Mean time the guardian of the Trojan state,
 Great Hector, enter'd, at the Scæan gate.
 Beneath the beech-tree's, consecrated shades,
 The Trojan matrons, and the Trojan maids
 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care 300
 For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
 He bids the train in long procession go,
 And seek the gods t' avert the impending woe.
 And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame; 305

O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
 The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
 In fifty chambers lodg'd; and rooms of state
 Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sat:
 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,
 Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone. 331

Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
 Of royal Hecuba, his mother-queen.
 (With her Laodice, whose beauteous face
 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race.) 315

Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
 And press'd his hands and tender thus begun.

O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
 My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
 Com'st thou to supplicate the almighty pow'r, 320

With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r?
 Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
 In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
 And pay due vows to all the gods around. }

Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul, 325
 And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
 Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
 The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts, (the chief rejoin'd;) }
 Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.

Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
 To sprinkle to the gods its better use,
 By me that holy office were profan'd;
 Ill fits it me, with human gore disdain'd, 335

To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
 Or offer heaven's great sire polluted praise;
 You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
 And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.

The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, 340
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.

So may the power aton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare. 345

And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
 Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.

Be this, O mother your religious care ;
 I go to rouse soft Paris to the war ;
 If yet not lost to all the sense of shame, 350
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
 Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race !
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end. 355
 This heard, he gave command ; and summon'd came
 Each noble matron and illustrious dame.
 The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
 Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent.
 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art, 360
 Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
 Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes,
 The various textures and the various dyes, 365
 She chose a veil that shone superior far,
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads ;
 The train majestically slow proceeds.
 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come, 370
 And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
 Antenor's consort, fair Theano waits
 As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries. 375
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,
 Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays.
 Oh awful goddess ! ever dreadful maid,
 Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid !
 Break thou 'Tydides' spear, and let him fall 380
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
 But thou, aton'd by penitence and prayer,
 Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare ! 385
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane ;
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
 While these appear before the power with pray'rs,
 Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.

Book VI.	HOMER'S ILIAD.	119
Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part		390
Assembling architects of matchless art.		
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands		
The pompous structure, and the town commands,		
A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength,		
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;	395	
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,		
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd,		
Thus entering in the glitt'ring rooms he found		
His brother-chief whose useless arms lay round,		
His eyes delighting with the splendid show,	400	
Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.		
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,		
Guides the rich labours and instructs, their hands.		
Him thus unactive, with an ardent look		
The prince beheld and high-resenting spoke.	405	
Thy hate to Troy is this the time to show?		
(O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)		
Paris and Greece against us both conspire,		
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.		
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,	410	
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;		
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,		
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.		
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,		
Our troops to hearten and our toils to share?	415	
Rise or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,		
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.		
Brother, 'tis just, (reply'd the beauteous youth,)		
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:		
Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous chief!	420	
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief;		
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sat,		
And mourn'd in secret, his, and Ilion's fate.		
'Tis now enough now glory spreads her charms,		
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.	425	
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,		
'Tis man's to fight but heav'n's to give success.		
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;		
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.		
He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son:	430	
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun.		

Oh gen'rous brother ! if the guilty dame
That caus'd these woes, deserves a sisters name !
Would heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
The day, that show'd me to the golden sun, 435
Had seen my death ! why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air ?
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'midst the roarings of the waters dy'd ?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst 440
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame !
Now tir'd with toils thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine : 445
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our présent woe, and infamy to come :
Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long,
Examples sad ! and theme of future song.
The chief reply'd : this time forbids to rest : 450
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury prest,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require ;
The combat urges, and my souls on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me ere I leave the walls. 455
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moments stay ;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear ;
This day, some god who hates our Trojan land 460
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.
He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part ;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain :
She, with one maid of all her menial train, 465
Had thence retir'd ; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sickened at the sight ;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore, 470
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,

- Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
 Her parting step? If to the fane she went, 475
 Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
 Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
 Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train),
 Nor mix'd with Matrons to Minerva's fane:
 To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way, 480
 To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
 Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
 She heard, and trembled for her absent lord;
 Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
 Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye. 485
 The nurse attended with her infant boy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.
 Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
 Swift thro' the town he trode his former way,
 Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of statè, 490
 And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife, Actions' wealthy heir;
 (Cicilian Thebe great Action sway'd,
 And Hippoplaca's wide extended shade;) 495
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
 To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name 500
 Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;
 Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
 From his great father, the defence of Troy.
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind: 505
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
 Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run? 510
 Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. 515

Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !
Oh grant me, gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heav'n an early tomb !
So shall my days in one sad tenor run, 520
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire ! 525
His fate compassion in the victor bred ;
Stern as he was he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile ;
'Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd ; 530
The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd ;
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.
By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell,
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell ; 535
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled !
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hyppoplacia's sylvan lands :
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again 540
Her pleasing empire, and her native plain,
When ah ! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee. 545
Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care !
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy, 550
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy ;
'Thou, from this tow'r, defend th' important post ;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That past Tydides, Ajax strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train. 555
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.

Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his 'Troy.

'The chief reply'd: That post shall be my care, 560
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of 'Troy in arms renown'd,
And 'Troy's proud dames whose garments sweep the
ground,

Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame! 565
My early youth was bred to martial pains;
My soul impels me to th' embattel'd plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates; 570
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
'The day when thou, imperial 'Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
As thine, Andromache! thy grief I dread;
See thee trembling, weeping, captive led!

In Argive looms our battles to design, 580
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!

To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
'There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
'They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife! 585
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.

'The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I ly cold before that dreadful day, 590
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!

'Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of 'Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy. 595
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.

With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound, 600
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground ;
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a fathers pray'r :

O thou, whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,
And all ye deathless pow'rs ! protect my son ! 605
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age !

So when, triumphant from successful toils 610
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame :
While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy. 615

He spoke, and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms ;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear, 620
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd ;

Andromache ! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ? 625
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth.

No force can then resist, no flight can save, 630
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy task at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom :
Me glory summons to the martial scene ;
The field of combat is the sphere for men. 635

Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes ;

His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at ev'ry look; then moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all her train the soft infection ran; 645
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace-wall,
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray, 650
Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides; 655
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His name dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay, 660
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way.
The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay. 665
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!
Thy power in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confest.
What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave, 670
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave;
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war. 675
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty;
While the proud foe his frustrate triumph mourns,
And Greece indignant thro' her seas returns.

THE

I L I A D.

BOOK VII.

The Argument.

The single combat of Hector and Ajax.

THE battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting; but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax; the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain, and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

SO spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,
Then rush'd impetuous thro' the Scæan gate.

Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.
As when to sailors lab'ring thro' the main, 5
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise;
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again. 10
Bold Paris first the work of death begun,
On great Menestheus, Areithous' son:
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleasing Arne was his native place.
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below; 15
Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow,
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand,
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds; 20
Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound,
Drop the cold useless members on the ground.
When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,
From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain
Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight, 25
Nor shot less swift from Ilion's tow'ry height:
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;
When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd maid.
What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above? 30
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
This day the business of the field suspend; 35
War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend;
Since vengeful goddesses confed'rate join
To raze her walls, though built by hands divine.
To whom the progeny of Jove replies:
I left for this, the council of the skies; 40
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?
To her the god: great Hector's soul incite
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,

Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers show 45
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.

At this agreed, the heav'nly pow'rs withdrew :
Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew ;
Hector inspir'd he sought ; to him address,
'Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast. 50

O son of Priam ! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words ; thy friend and brother hear !
Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
The warring nations to suspend their rage ;
Then dare the boldest of the hostile train 55
To mortal combat on the listed plain.

For not this day shall end thy glorious date ;
The gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.
He said : the warrior heard the word with joy :
'Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, 60
Held by the midst athwart. On either hand
The squadrons part ; th' expecting Trojans stand.

Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear ;
'They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
'Th' Athenian maid, and glorious god of day, 65
With silent joy the settling hosts survey :
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
'They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields. 70
As when a gen'ral darkness veils the main,
(Soft zephyr curling the wide watry plain,)
'The waves scarce heave, the face of Ocean sleeps,
And a still horror saddens all the deeps :
Thus in thick orders settling wide around, 75
At length compos'd they sit, and shade the ground.
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke.
The solemn silence, and their pow'rs bespoke.

Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,
What my soul prompts, and what some god commands,
Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose, 81
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes ;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks ! appear ; 85
'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the gods to hear :

From all your troops select the boldest knight,
 And him the boldest, Hector dares to fight.
 Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
 Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain ; 90
 But let my body, to my friends return'd,
 By Trojan hands, and Trojan flames be burn'd.
 And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
 Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust ;
 If mine the glory to despoil the foe ; 95
 On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow ;
 The breathless carcase to your navy sent,
 Greece on the shore shall raise a monument ;
 Which when some future mariner surveys,
 Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas, 100
 Thus shall he say, ' A valliant Greek lies there,
 ' By Hector slain, the mighty man of war.'
 The stone shall tell the vanquish'd hero's name,
 And distant ages learn the victor's fame.
 This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard, 105
 Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
 Stern Menelaus first the silence broke,
 And inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke.
 Women of Greece ! Oh scandal of your race,
 Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace. 110
 How great the shame, when every age shall know
 That not a Grecian met this noble foe !
 Go then ! resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,
 A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew !
 Be what ye seem, unanimated clay ! 115
 Myself will dare the danger of the day.
 'Tis man's bold task the gen'rous strife to try,
 But in the hands of God is victory.
 These words scarce spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,
 His manly limbs in azure arms he drest : 120
 That day, Atrides ! a superior hand
 Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand !
 But all at once, thy fury to compose,
 The kings of Greece, an awful band arose :
 Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd 125
 Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd.
 Whither, O Menelaus ! would'st thou run,
 And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun ?

Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the rash design;
 Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine, 130
 Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
 And trembling met this dreadful son of war.
 Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
 Greece in our cause shall arm some pow'rful hand.
 The mighty warrior of th' Achaian name, 135
 Tho' bold, and burning with desire of fame,
 Content the doubtful honour might forego,
 So great the danger, and so brave the foe,
 He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
 He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd, 140
 No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
 His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.
 He, from whose lip divine persuasion flows,
 Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose,
 'Thus to the kings he spoke. What grief, what shame
 Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name? 146
 How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
 Their sons degen'rate, and their race a scorn?
 What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd
 Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old! 150
 Once with what joy the gen'rous prince would hear
 Of ev'ry chief who fought this glorious war,
 Participate their fame, and pleas'd inquire
 Each name, each action, and each hero's sire!
 Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,
 And trembling all before one hostile hand, 156
 How would he lift his aged arms on high.
 Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
 Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
 Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove! 160
 Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
 And give this arm the spring which once it knew;
 When fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall,
 I led my troops to Phœa's trembling wall,
 And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess try'd, 165
 Where Caledon rolls down his rapid tide.
 There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
 Proud Areithous' dreadful arms to wield;
 Great Areithous, known from shore to shore
 By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore! 170

No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
 But broke, with this, the battle of the foe;
 Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,
 Whose guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,
 Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd, 175
 Nor aught the warrior's thund'ring mace avail'd;
 Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
 Had giv'n the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:
 But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
 'To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize. 180
 Furious with this, he crush'd our level'd bands;
 And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands:
 Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay:
 All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway;
 Till I, the youngest of the host appear'd, 185
 And youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
 I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
 Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.
 What then he was, oh! were your Nestor now!
 Not Hector's self should want an equal foe. 190
 But warriors, you that youthful vigour boast,
 The flow'r of Greece, th' examples of our host,
 Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,
 Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?
 His warm reproofs the list'ning kings inflame; 195
 And nine the noblest of the Grecian name,
 Upstart'd fierce: but far before the rest
 The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast:
 Then bold Tydides, great in arms appear'd;
 And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd: 200
 Oileus follow'd: Idomen was there,
 And Merion, dreadful as the god of war:
 With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,
 And wise Ulysses clos'd the daring band,
 All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage, 205
 Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage:
 Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide,
 What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
 Whom heaven shall chuse, be his the chance to raise
 His country's fame, his own immortal praise. 210
 The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own;
 Then in the gen'ral's helm the fates are thrown.

The people pray with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like these ascend from all the bands :
Grant, thou almighty ! in whose hand is fate 215
A worthy champion for the Grecian state.
This task let Ajax or Tydidès prove,
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove.
Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven inspir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of every Greek desir'd. 220
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers :
Each to his rival yield the mark unknown,
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own,
Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes, 225
Then casts before him, and with transport cries :
Warriors ! I claim the lot, and arm with joy ;
Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.
Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
To Saturn's son be all your vows address : 230
But pray in secret, least the foes should hear,
And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.
Said I in secret ? No, your vows declare,
In such a voice as fills the earth and air :
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread, 235
Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred ?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And, born to combats, fear no force of earth.
He said. The troops with elevated eyes
Implore the god whose thunder rends the skies : 240
O father of mankind, superior lord !
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd ;
Who in the highest heaven has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of gods ! unbounded, and alone ;
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away 245
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day ;
Or if illustrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may share.
Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on ;
Sheath'd in bright steel the giantwarrior shone : 250
He moves to combat with majestic pace ;
So stalks in arms the grisly god of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.

Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a god : 255

Grimly he smil'd ; earth trembled as he strode ;

His massy jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand,

He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.

Thro' every Argive heart new transport ran ;

All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man : 260

Even Hector paus'd, and with new doubt oppress,

Felt his great heart suspended in his breast :

'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear ;

Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.

Stern Telamon behind his ample shield, 265

As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlook'd the field.

Huge was its orb, with sev'n thick folds o'ercast,

Of tough bull hides ; of solid brass the last ;

(The work of Tychius, who in Hyle dwell'd,

And all in arts of armoury excell'd.) 270

This Ajax bore before his manly breast,

And threat'ning, thus his adverse chief address :

Hector ! approach my arm, and singly know

What strength thou hast, and what thy Grecian foe.

Achilles shuns the fight : yet some there are 275

Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war :

Let him, inactive on the sea-beat shore,

Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more ;

Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,

And sends thee one, a sample of her host. 280

Such as I am, I come to prove thy might ;

No more—be sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of Telamon, thy country's pride !

(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd.)

Me, as a boy or woman wouldst thou fright, 285

New to the field, and trembling at the fight ?

Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,

To combat born, and bred amidst alarms :

I know to shift my ground, remount the car,

Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war ; 290

To right, to left, the dex'trous lance I wield,

And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.

But open be our fight, and bold each blow ;

I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

He said, and rising high above the field, 295

Whirl'd the long lance against the sev'nfold shield.

Full on the brass, descending from above,
Thro' six bull-hides the furious weapon drove.
'Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw :
Thro' Hector's shield the forceful jav'lin flew : 300
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downwards, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan shrinks, and bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew,
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew : 306
Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars the terror of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends ;
The blunted point against the buckler bends. 310
But Ajax watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove thro' the Trojan targe the knotty spear ;
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd :
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus : but, stooping down, 315
In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty-stone.
Black, craggy, vast : to this his force he bends ;
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends ;
The hallow brass resounded with the shock.
Then Ajax seiz'd the fragment of a rock, 320
Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly ;
The huge stone thund'ring thro' his buckler broke :
His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke ;
Great Hector falls extended on the field, 325
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield :
Nor wanted heavenly aid : Apollo's might
Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.
And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew :
In flaming circles round their heads they flew : 330
But then by heralds voice the word was giv'n,
'The sacred ministers of earth and heav'n :
Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
And sage Idæus' on the part of Troy,
Between the swords, their peaceful sceptres rear'd ;
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard : 336
Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.

'To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own. 340
But now the night extends her awful shade;
'The goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.

'To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd:
O sage! to Hector be these words address'd:
Let him, who first provok'd our chiefs to fight, 345
Let him demand the sanction of the night;
If first he ask it, I content obey,

And cease the strife when Hector shows the way.

Oh first of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoind,)
Whom heav'n adorns, superior to thy kind, 350
With strength of body, and with worth of mind!
Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war.

Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
And let the gods decide of death or life! 355
Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
And heav'n enjoins it, be the night obey'd.

Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy thy nations whom thy arm defends;
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife, 360
Who wearies heav'n with vows for Hector's life.

But let us on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may say,
'Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend,
'And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.' 365

With that a sword, with stars of silver grac'd,
The baldric studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The gen'rous Greek bestow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain; 370
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their state:
Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vig'rous from his wound. 375
'To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
'Their present Triumph, as their late despair.

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed.
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.

A steer for sacrifice the king design'd, 380
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they strip the smoaking hide,
The beasts they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare:
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share. 385
The king himself (an honorary sign)
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd,
The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest, 390
In words like these his prudent thoughts exprest:
How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost!
What Greeks are perish'd! what a people lost!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's shore!
What crowds of Heroes sunk to rise no more! 395
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight;
Some space at least permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeath.
From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear, 400
And nigh the fleet a fun'ral structure rear;
So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd; 405
Next, to secure our camp and naval pow'rs,
Raise an embattel'd wall with lofty tow'rs,
From space to space be ample gates around,
For passing chariots, and a trench profound.
So Greece to combat shall in safety go, 410
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe,
'Twas thus the sage his wholesome council mov'd;
The scepter'd kings of Greece his words approv'd.
Mean while, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council sat: 415
A senate void of order as of choice,
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor, rising, thus demands their ear;
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
'Tis heav'n the counsel of my breast inspires, 420
And I but move what ev'ry god requires:

Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restor'd.
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the just gods provoke, 425
As this advice ye practise or reject.

So hope success, or dread the dire effect.
The senior spoke, and sat. To whom reply'd
The graceful husband of the Spartan bride :
Cold counsels, Trojans may become thy years, 430
But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears :

Old man, if void of fallacy or art,
Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time more sound advice has giv'n ;
But wisdom has its date assign'd by heav'n. 433

Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name !
Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame ;
My treasures too for peace I will resign ;
But be this bright possession ever mine.

'Twas then the growing discord to compose, 440
Slow from his seat the rev'rend Priam rose :
His godlike aspect deep attention drew :
He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue.

Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands !
Now take refreshment as the hour demands : 445
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new sun restores the cheerful light :
Then shall our herald to th' Atrides sent,
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.

Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn 450
Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn ;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide !

The monarch spake : the warriors snatch'd with haste
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast. 455
Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,
To the black ships Idæus bent his way ;
There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice : the host stood list'ning round.

Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear ! 460
The words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch hear,
Pleas'd may ye hear (so heav'n succeed my pray'rs)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.

The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh had he perish'd e'er they touch'd our shore!) 465
He proffers injur'd Greece; with large increase
Of added Trojan wealth to buy the peace.

But to restore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.
Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce to burn 470
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!

The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke;
At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke. 475
Oh take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the Spartan dame.
Let conquest make them ours: Fate shakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.

Th' admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name, 480
With gen'ral shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hearst the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let fun'ral flames be fed
With heroes corpse; I war not with the dead: 485
Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the slain.
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high:
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay 490
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Strait to their sev'ral cares the Trojans move,
Some search the plains, some fell the sounding grove:
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore, 496
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main.
To shed his sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day, 500
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Thro' heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore. 505

The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,
And laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.
Sage Priam check'd their grief ; with silent haste
The bodies decent on the piles were plac'd :
With melting hearts their cold remains they burn'd ;
And sadly slow, to sacred Troy return'd 511
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
And decent on the pile dispose the dead :
The cold remains consume with equal care ;
And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair. 515
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with redd'ning light
The doubtful confines of the day and night ;
About the dying flames the Greek's appear'd,
And round the pile a gen'ral tomb they rear'd.
Then, to secure the camp and naval pow'rs, 520
They rais'd embattel'd walls with lofty tow'rs :
From space to space were ample gates around,
For passing chariots ; and a trench profound,
Of large extent ; and deep in earth below
Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe. 525
So toil'd the Greeks : meanwhile the gods above,
In shining circle round their father Jove,
Amaz'd beheld the wond'rous works of man :
Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began.
What mortals henceforth shall our pow'r adore, 530
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast ?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No god consulted, and no victim slain ! 535
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends ;
Wide as the morn her golden beam extends.
While old Laomedon's divine abodes,
Those radiant structures rais'd by lab'ring gods,
Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep. 540
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.
Th' almighty thund'rer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies.
Strong god of ocean ! thou, whose rage can make
The solid earth's eternal basis shake ! 545
What cause of fear from mortal works could move
The meanest subjects of our realms above ?

Where-e'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
Thy pow'r is honour'd, and thy fame shall last.
But yon proud work no future age shall view, 550
No trace remain where once the glory grew :
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore :
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more. 555
Thus they in heav'n ; while, o'er the Grecian train,
The rolling sun descending to the main,
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew :
Black from the tents the sav'ry vapours flew.
And now the fleet arriv'd from Lemnos' strands, 560
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the gen'rous bands.
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent.
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
To Jason, shepherd of his people bore.) 565
The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,
And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host :
Each, in exchange proportion'd treasures gave ;
Some brass, or iron, some an ox, or slave.
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan pow'rs 570
Those on the fields, and these within their tow'rs.
But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,
And shot red light'nings thro' the gloomy shade ;
Humbled they stood ; pale horror seiz'd on all,
While the deep thunder shook th' aerial hall, 575
Each pour'd to Jove before the bowl was crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground :
Then late refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

THE
I L I A D.

BOOK VIII.

The Argument.

The second battle, and the distress of the Greeks.

JUPITER assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus, if they assist either side ; Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle ; Jupiter on mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger ; Diomed relieves him ; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Greeks, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. That night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field, (the Greeks, being driven to their fortification before the ships,) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from re-embarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn ;
When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.

The sire of gods his awful silence broke : 5
The heav'n's attentive trembled as he spoke.
Celestial states, immortal gods ! give ear,
Hear our decree, and rev'rence what ye hear ;
The fix'd decree which not all heav'n can move ;
Thou, fate ! fulfil it ; and, ye pow'rs ! approve. 10
What god but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield :
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n ;
Or far, oh far, from steep Olympus thrown, 15
Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors ;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' æthereal world. 20
Let him who tempts me dread those dire abodes ;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of gods.
League all your forces, then, ye pow'rs above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove ;
Let down your golden everlasting chain, 25
Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and main ;
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the thund'rer down to earth ;
Ye strive in vain ! if I but stretch this hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land ; 30
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight !
For such I reign, unbounded and above ;
And such are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove.
The' Almighty spoke, nor durst the pow'rs réply,
A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky ; 35
Trembling they stood before their sov'reign's look :
At length his best-belov'd, the pow'r of Wisdom spoke.
Oh first and greatest ! God, by gods ador'd !
We own thy might, our father and our lord ! 40
But ah ! permit to pity human state ;
If not to help, at least lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we submit refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain ;
Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move, 45
Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove.

The cloud-compelling God her suit approv'd,
And smil'd superior on his best-belov'd ;
Then call'd his coursers and his chariot took ;
The stedfast firmament beneath them shook ; 50
Rapt by th' ætherial steeds the chariot roll'd ;
Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of heav'n's undrossy gold the god's array,
Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he shings ; his coursers fly 55
Between th' extended earth and starry sky.
But when to Ida's topmost height he came,
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game),
Where, o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,
His fane breath'd odours, and his altar blaz'd ; 60
There, from his radiant car, the sacred sire
Of gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire.
Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd ;
High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd ;
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys, 65
The town, and tents, and navigable seas.
Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.
Troy rous'd as soon ; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives and infants, lay. 70
The gates, unfolding, pour forth all their train ;
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain :
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground ;
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd, 75
To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,
Host against host with shadowy legions drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise ; 80
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams, increasing bright,
O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light ;
Commatural death the fate of war confounds, 85
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends,
The sire of gods his golden scales suspends,

With equal hand; in these explor'd the fate
 Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.
 Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies 91
 Low sunk on earth, the Trojans strikes the skies.
 Then Jove from Ida's top his horror's spreads;
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads;
 Thick lightnings flash; the mutt'ring thunder rolls; 95
 Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.
 Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire;
 The god in terrors, and the skies on fire.
 Nor great Idomeneus that sight could bear,
 Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war; 100
 Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm sustain'd;
 Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.
 Unwilling he remain'd for Paris' dart
 Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part;
 Fix'd in the forehead, where the springing mane 105
 Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain:
 Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,
 Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.
 Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed
 Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed, 110
 When dreadful Hector, thund'ring thro' the war,
 Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
 That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand
 The hoary monarch of the Pylian band,
 But Diomed beheld; from forth the crowd 115
 He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud.
 Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run?
 Oh flight unworthy great Laertes' son!
 Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,
 Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound? 120
 Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage
 The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage.
 His fruitless words are lost unheard in air:
 Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.
 But bold Tydides to the rescue goes, 125
 A single warrior 'midst a host of foes;
 Before the coursers with a sudden spring
 He leap'd, and, anxious, thus bespoke the king:
 Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight:
 These younger champions will oppress thy might. 130

Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,
Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.

Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car

Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,

Practis'd alike to turn, to stop to chace,

135

To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race;

These late obey'd Æneas guiding rein;

Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train:

With these against yon Trojans will we go,

Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe:

140

Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear

The thirsty fury of my flying spear.

Thus said the chief; and Nestor skill'd in war,

Approves his counsel, and ascends the car;

The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold,

145

Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold.

The rev'rend charioteer directs the course,

And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.

Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,

Fierce he drove on; Tydides whirl'd his spear.

150

The spear with erring haste mistook its way,

But plung'd in Eniopeus bosom lay.

His op'ning hand in death forsakes the rein:

The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the plain,

Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd,

155

Yet, unreveng'd, permits to press the field;

Till to supply his place, and rule the car,

Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.

And now had death and horror cover'd all;

Like tim'rous flocks the Trojans in their wall

160

Inclos'd had bled: but Jove with awful sound

Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:

Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew;

The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue:

The quiv'ring steeds fell prostrate at the sight;

165

And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright;

He drop'd the reins, and shook with sacred dread,

Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed:

O chief! too daring in thy friends defence,

Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence.

170

This day, averse, the sov'reign of the skies

Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.

Some other sun may see the happier hour,
 When Greece shall conquer by his heav'nly pow'r.
 'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move : 175
 The great will glory to submit to Jove.

O rev'rend prince ! ('Tydides thus replies),
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise ;
 But ah, what grief ! should haughty Hector boast,
 I fled inglorious to the guarded coast. 180

Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
 O'erwhelm me, earth, and hide a warrior's shame.
 To whom Gerenian Nestor thus reply'd
 Gods ! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride ?
 Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast ?
 Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host,
 Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost ;
 Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword
 That laid in dust her lov'd, lamented lord. 190

He said, and, hasty, o'er the gasping throng
 Drives the swift steeds ; the chariot smokes along.
 The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind ;
 The storm of hissing jav'lins pours behind.
 Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies,
 Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies. 195

Go, mighty hero ! grac'd above the rest
 In seats of council, and the sumptuous feast :
 Now hope no more these honours from thy train ;
 Go, less than woman, in the form of man !
 To scale our walls, to wrap our tow'rs in flames, 200
 To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
 Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince, are fled ;
 This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee dead.

Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,
 To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight ; 205
 Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial Jove
 On Ida's summits thunder'd from above.

Great Hector heard ; he saw the flashing light,
 (The sign of conquest), and thus urg'd the fight ;

Hear, ev'ry Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band, 210
 All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.
 Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
 Your great forfathers glories, and your own.

Heard ye the voice of Jove ? success and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame. 215
In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
Weak bulwarks ! destin'd by this arm to fall,
High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound,
And pass victorious o'er the levell'd mound.
Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand, 220
Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand,
Till their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,
All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he said, then bending o'er the yoke,
Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke : 225
Now Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus ! urge the chace :
And thou, Podargus ! prove thy gen'rous race :
Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,
And all your master's well-spent care repay.
For this, high fed in plenteous stalls ye stand, 230
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand ;
For this my spouse, of great actions line,
So oft has steep'd the strength'ning grain in wine.
Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd ;
Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold ; 235
From 'Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god :
These if we gain, then victory, ye pow'rs !
This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours.

That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul ; 240
She shook her throne, that shook the starry pole :
And thus to Neptune : Thou, whose force can make
The stedfast earth from her foundations shake,
Sec'st thou the Greeks by fates unjust oppress,
Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast ? 245
Yet Ægæ, Helice, thy pow'r obey,
And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.
Would all the deities of Greece combine,
In vain the gloomy Thund'rer might repine !
Sole should he sit, with scarce a god to friend, 250
And see his Trojans to the shades descend :
Such be the scene from his Idæan bow'r ;
Ungrateful prospect to the sullen pow'r !

Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design :
What rage, what madness, furious queen, is thine ?

I war not with the Highest. All above 256
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.

Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields 260
With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields,
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front ! they shake the bands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet. 265

The king of men, by Juno's self inspir'd,
Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fir'd.
Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.
High on the midmost bark the king appear'd ; 270
There, from Ulysses' deck, his voice was heard.
To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,
Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.

O Argives ! shame of human race ; he cried,
(The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd,) 275

Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore ?
Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows ;
But who to meet one martial man is found, 280
When the fight rages, and the flames surround ?
O mighty Jove ? oh sire of the distress'd !

Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd ?
With pow'r immense, with justice arm'd in vain ;
My glory ravish'd, and my people slain ! 285

To thee my vows were breath'd from every shore ;
What altar smok'd not with our victims gore ?

With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.

Now, gracious God ! far humbler our demand ; 290
Give these at least to 'scape from Hector's hand,
And save the relics of the Grecian land ! }

Thus pray'd the king, and heav'n's great Father heard
His vows, in bitterness of soul prefer'd ;
The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares, 295
And gives the people to their monarch's pray'rs.

His eagle, sacred bird of heav'n! he sent,
 A fawn his talons truss'd (divine portent!)
 High o'er the wond'ring hosts he soar'd above,
 Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove: 300
 Then let the prey before his altar fall;
 The Greeks beheld, and transport seiz'd on all;
 Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,
 And fierce on Troy, with doubled fury drive.
 Tydides first, of all the Grecian force, 305
 O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
 Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,
 And dy'd his jav'lin red with Trojan gore.
 Young Agelaus (Phradmon was his sire)
 With flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful ire: 310
 Struck thro' the back, the Phrygian fell opprest;
 The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:
 Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound:
 His poud'rous buckler thunders on the ground.
 Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed 315
 Th' Atridæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:
 Meriones, like Mars, in arms renown'd,
 And godlike Idomen, now pass'd the mound;
 Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,
 And last, young Teucer with his bended bow, 320
 Secure behind the Telamonian shield
 The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,
 With every shaft some hostile victim slew,
 Then close beneath the sevenfold orb withdrew;
 The conscious infant so, when fear alarms, 325
 Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
 Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
 Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.
 Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
 Orsilochus; then fell Ormenus dead: 330
 The godlike Lycophon next press'd the plain,
 With Chromius, Dætor, Opholestes slain;
 Bold Hamopaon breathless sunk to ground;
 The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd.
 Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art, 335
 A Trojan ghost attending every dart.
 Great Agamemnon views, with joyful eye,
 The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly;

Oh youth for ever dear ! (the monarch cry'd,)
Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd; 340
Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast !
Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace,
The vig'rous offspring of a stol'n embrace.
Proud of his boy, he own'd the gen'rous flame, 345
And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a monarch's vow: If heaven's high pow'rs
Give me to raze Troy's long-defended tow'rs;
Whatever treasures Greece for me design,
The next rich honorary gift be thine : 350
Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war,
Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love.
To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire, 355
Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.
What strength I have, be now in battle try'd,
Till every shaft in Phrygian blood be dy'd,
Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow: 360
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead ;
But sure some god denies me to destroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.
He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon flies
At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies: 366
He miss'd the mark : but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart,
And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.
(Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to king Priam's line.) 370
As full-blown poppies overcharg'd with rain
Decline the head, and dropping kiss the plain ;
So sinks the youth: his beauteous head, deprest
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.
Another shaft the raging archer drew: 375
That other shaft with erring fury flew,
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound,)
Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground :
Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore. 380

Headlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms
The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld,
All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein, 385
Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.
Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,
And rush'd on Teucer with the lifted rock.
The youth already strain'd the forceful yew;
The shaft already to his shoulder drew; 390
The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel-bone,
The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone:
The bow-string burst beneath the pond'rous blow, 395
And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow.
He fell: but Ajax his broad shield display'd,
And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade;
Till great Alastor, and Mecistheus, bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the shore. 400
Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian sire,
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with fire,
The Greeks repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.
First of the foe great Hector march'd along, 405
With terror cloth'd, and more than mortal strong.
As the bold hound that gives the lion chace,
With beating bosom, and with eager pace,
Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels: 410
Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew;
Thus following Hector still the hindmost slew.
When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;
Before the ships a desperate stand they made, 415
And fir'd the troops, and call'd the gods to aid.
Pierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame
That wither'd all their host: like Mars he stood,
Dire as the monster, dreadful as the god! 420
Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd;
Then pensive thus, to war's triumphant maid:

Oh daughter of that god, whose arm can weild
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield !
 Now, in this moment of her last despair, 425
 Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care,
 Condemn'd to suffer the full force of fate,
 And drain the dregs of heav'ns relentless hate !
 Gods ! shall one raging hand thus level all !
 What numbers fell ! what numbers yet shall fall ? 430
 What power divine shall Hector's wrath assuage !
 Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage !
 So spake th' imperial regent of the skies ;
 To whom the goddess with the azure eyes :
 Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with gore,
 Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore ; 436
 But he above, the Sire of heaven withstands,
 Mocks our attempts, and slights our just demands.
 The stubborn god, inflexible and hard,
 Forgets my service, and deserv'd reward : 440
 Sav'd I, for this, his favourite son *, distress'd
 By stern Euristheus, with long labours press'd ?
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay ;
 I shot from heaven, and gave his arm the day,
 Oh had my wisdom known this dire event, 445
 When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went ;
 The tripple dog had never felt his chain,
 Nor Styx been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.
 Averse to me of all his heaven of gods,
 At Thetis' suit the partial thunderer nods. 450
 To grace her gloomy, fierce resenting son,
 My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone
 Some future day, perhaps he may be mov'd
 To call his blue-eyed maid his best belov'd.
 Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride ; 455
 Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.
 Then, goddess ! say, shall Hector glory then,
 (That terror of the Grecks, that man of men,)
 When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,
 All dreadful in the crimson walks of war ? 460
 What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,
 Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
 Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore ? }

* Hercules.

She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care,
(Heavens awful empress, Saturns other heir :) 465
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest, 470
His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.
The vigorous pow'r the trembling car ascends,
Shook by her arm, the massy jav'lin bends;
Huge, pond'rous, strong! that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns. 475
Saturnia lends the lash: the coursers fly,
Smooth glides the chariot thro' the liquid sky.
Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,
Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged hours,
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand, 480
The suns bright portals and the skies command,
Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,
Bar heav'n with clouds, or roll those clouds away.
The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the steep of heav'n their course they guide.
But Jove, incens'd, from Ida's top survey'd, 486
And thus injoin'd the many-colour'd maid.

Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their car:
Against the Highest who shall wage the war?
If furious yet they dare the vain debate, 490
Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is fate.
Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall ly,
Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky:
My lightning these rebellious shall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground, 495
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.
So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still, 500
She claims some title to transgress our will.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid
From Ida's top her golden wings display'd;
To great Olympus' shining gates she flies,
There meets the chariot rushing down the skies. 505

Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,
And speaks the mandate of the Sire of gods.

What frenzy, goddesses! what rage can move
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?

Desist, obedient to his high command; 510

This is his word: and know his word shall stand.

His lightning your rebellion shall confound,

And hurl ye headlong flaming to the ground:

Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall ly,

Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky; 515

Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep

The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.

So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,

Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.

For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,

She claims some title to transgress his will: 520

But thee, what desperate insolence has driv'n,

To lift thy lance against the king of heav'n!

Then mounting on the pinions of the wind.

She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd. 525

O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield

Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!

No more let beings of superior birth

Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:

'Triumphant now, now miserably slain, 530

They breathe or perish as the fates ordain.

But Jove's high councils full effect shall find,

And ever constant, ever rule mankind.

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of light,
Adorn'd with names of gold, and heavenly bright. 535

The hours unloos'd them, panting as they stood,

And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.

There ty'd the rest in high celestial stalls;

The chariot prop'd against the crystal walls.

The pensive goddesses, abash'd, control'd, 540

Mix with the gods, and fill their seats of gold.

And now the thunderer meditates his flight

From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height.

Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,

Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky. 545

'Twas Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace,

And fix the car on its immortal base?

There stood the chariot beaming forth his rays,
Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.
He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold, 550
Th' eternal Thunderer, sat thron'd in gold.
High Heav'n the footstool of his feet he makes,
And, wide beneath him, all Olympus shakes.
Trembling afar th' offending pow'rs appear'd
Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd. 555
He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts :
Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: Proud Troy retir'd
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.
But know, whoe'er almighty pow'r withstand! 560
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand :
Who shall the sov'reign of the skies controul?
Not all the gods that crown the starry pole.
Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror shake. 565
For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand ;
What pow'r soe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more shall hold his place,
Cut off, and exil'd from th' æthereal race.

Juno and Pallas grieving hear the doom, 570
But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come.
'Thro' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent goddess yet her wrath repress :
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies,
What hast thou said, oh tyrant of the skies ! 575
Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne ;
'Tis thine to punish ; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her fate,
To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate :
From fields forbidden we submit refrain, 580
With arms unaiding see our Argives slain ;
Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,
Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove.

The goddess thus : and thus the god replies,
Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies ; 585
The morning sun, awak'd by loud alarms,
Shall see th' almighty Thunderer in arms.
What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,
Those radiant eyes shall view and view, in vain.

Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight, 590
 The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
 Ev'n till the day when certain fates ordain }
 That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain) }
 Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.
 For such is fate, nor canst thou turn its course 595
 With all thy rage, with' all thy rebel force.
 Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,
 Where on her utmost verge the seas resound ;
 Where curs'd Iapetus and Saturn dwell,
 Fast by the brink, within the streams of hell ; 600
 No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there,
 No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air ;
 There arm once more the bold Titanian band ;
 And arm in vain ; for what I will, shall stand.
 Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light, 605
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night :
 The conqu'ring Trojans mourn his beams decay'd ;
 The Greeks rejoicing bless the friendly shade.
 The victors keep the field ; and Hector calls
 A martial council near the navy walls ; 610
 These to Scamander's bank apart he led,
 Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.
 Th' assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,
 Attend his order, and their prince surround.
 A massy spear he bore of mighty strength, 615
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ;
 The point was brass, refulgent to behold,
 Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold :
 The noble Hector on his lance reclin'd,
 And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind. 620
 Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear !
 Ye Dardan bands, and gen'rous aids give ear !
 This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conqu'ring flame
 Greece with her ships, and crown her toils with fame ;
 But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls, 625
 And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
 Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours
 Our steeds to forage, and refresh our pow'rs.
 Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,
 And strengthening bread, and gen'rous wine be brought.

Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky, 631
Let num'rous fires the absent sun supply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
Till the bright morn her purple beams displays;
Lest in the silence and the shades of night, 635
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.
Not unmolested let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;
Some hostile wound let ev'ry dart bestow,
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe, 640
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses care,
And warn their children from a Trojan war.
Now thro' the circuit of our Ilion wall,
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call;
To bid the sires with hoary honours crown'd, 645
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.
Firm be the guard, while distant lie our pow'rs,
And let the matrons hang with lights the tow'rs:
Lest under covert of the midnight shade,
'Th' insidious foe the naked town invade. 650
Suffice, to night, these orders to obey;
A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.
The gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
From these detested foes to free the land,
Who plow'd' with fates averse, the wat'ry way; 655
For Trojan vultures a predestin'd prey.
Our common safety must be now the care;
But soon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheath'd in bright arms let ev'ry troop engage,
And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage. 660
'Then, then shall Hector and 'Tydides prove
Whose fates are heaviest in the scale of Jove.
'To-morrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn!)
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph born,
With this keen jav'lin shall his breast be gor'd, 665
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death secure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd! 670
As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy.
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.

The leader spoke, From all his host around
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds unty'd, 675
And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot side.
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
With gen'rous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
The winds to heav'n the curling vapours bore. 680
Ungrateful off'ring to th' immortal pow'rs!
Whese wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan tow'rs;
Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.
The troops exulting sat in order round, 685
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene; 690
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise, 695
A flood of glory burst from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimm'ring Xanthus with their rays: 700
The long reflection of the distant sires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend, 705
Whose number'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send.
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

THE
I L I A D.

BOOK IX.

The Argument.

The Embassy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night;
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
And heav'n bred horror, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd ev'ry heart.
As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,
A double tempest of the west and north
Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar
This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost;
Such various passions urg'd the troubled host. 10

Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest;
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers,
But bid in whispers these surround their chief, 15
In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.

The king amidst the mournful circle rose;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows;
So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed. 20
With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd;
Words, mix'd with sighs, thus bursting from his breast.

Ye sons of Greece! partake your leader's care,
Fellows in arms, and princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too justly we complain, 25
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain;
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils:
Now shameful flight alone can save the host;
Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost. 30
So Jove decrees, Almighty Lord of all!

Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And tow'rs and armies humbles to the dust.
Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields, 35
Haste to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvass, all your oars employ,
Nor hope the fall of Heav'n-defended Troy.

He said; deep silence held the Grecian band,
Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand, 40
A pensive scene! till Tydeus' warlike son
Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun.

When kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.
If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath with-hold, 45
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:
Not from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard. 50
The gods, O chief, from whom our honours spring,
The gods have made thee but by halves a king;

They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the seas and land,
The noblest pow'r that might the world controul 55
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.

Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would suggest
Fears like his own to ev'ry Grecian breast?
Confiding in our want of worth, he stands,
And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands. 60

Go thou inglorious! from th' imbattled plain;
Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main,
A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.

Here Greece shall stay; or if all Greece retire, 65
Myself will stay, till Troy or I expire;
Myself, and Sthenelus will fight for fame;
God bad us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,
And voice to voice resounds Tydides' praise. 70
Wise Nestor then his rev'rend figure rear'd;
He spoke the host in still attention heard.

O truly great! in whom the gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excel, 75
Still first to act what you advise so well.

Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,
Applauding Greece with common voice approves.
Kings thou canst blame; a bold but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n kings with praise, because with truth. 80
And yet those years that since thy birth have run,
Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.

Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind;
Age bids me speak! nor shall th' advice I bring 85
Distaste the people, or offend the king.

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care; 90
That wretch that monster, who delights in war:

Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!
This night, refresh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:

Be that the duty of the young and bold ; 95
 But thou, O king, to council call the old ;
 Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares ;
 Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
 With Tracian wines recruit thy honour'd guests,
 For happy councils flow from sober feasts. 100
 Wise, weighty councils aid a state distressed,
 And such a monarch as can chuse the best.
 See ! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
 How near our fleet approach the Trojan fire !
 Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light, 105
 What eye beholds 'em, and can close to-night ?
 This dreadful interval determines all ;
 To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall.
 Thus spoke the hoary sage : the rest obey ;
 Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way. 110
 His son was first to pass the lofty mound,
 The gen'rous Thrasymed in arms renown'd :
 Next him, Ascalaphus, Ialmen, stood,
 The double offspring of the warrior-god.
 Delpyrus, Aphareus, Merion, join, 115
 And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
 Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
 And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.
 The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,
 Some line the trench, and others man the wall. 120
 The king of men, on public counsels bent,
 Conven'd the princes in his ample tent :
 Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
 But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceas'd,
 Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd 125
 And slowly rising, thus the council mov'd.
 Monarch of nations, whose superior sway
 Assembled states, and lords of earth obey,
 The laws and sceptres to thy hand are giv'n,
 And millions own the care of thee and heav'n. 130
 O king ! the counsels of my age attend ;
 With thee my cares begin, in thee must end ;
 Thee, prince ! it fits alike to speak and hear,
 Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
 To see no wholesome motion be withstood, 135
 And ratify the best for public good.

Nor tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
At once my present judgment and my past; 140
When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
I first oppos'd, and, faithful, durst dissuade;
But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
You wrong'd the man, by men and gods admir'd:
Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end, 145
With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend,
To whom the king. With justice hast thou shown
A prince's faults, and I with reason own.
That happy man whom Jove still honours most,
Is more than armies, and himself an host. 150
Blest in his love, this wond'rous hero stands;
Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
The wrathful chief and angry gods assuage.
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow, 155
Hear all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow.
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mold;
Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame; 160
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course;
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed;)
Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line, 165
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms.
And these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these the long-contested maid; 170
With all her charms, Briseis I resign,
All solemn swear these charms were never mine;
Untouch'd she staid, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
These instant shall be his; and if the pow'rs 175
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.

Besides full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
 With copious love shall crown his warm embrace; 180
 Such as himself will chuse; who yield to none,
 Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
 Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
 There shall he live, my son, our honours share, 185
 And with Orestes' self divide my care.
 Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed;
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair; 190
 Her let him chuse, whom most his eyes approve,
 I ask no presents, no reward for love;
 Myself will give the dow'r; so vast a store,
 As never father gave a child before.
 Sev'n ample cities shall confess his sway; 195
 Him Enope, and Pheræ him obey,
 Cordamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
 Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
 And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields: 200
 The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
 Along the verdant margin of the main,
 Their heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
 Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil;
 There shall he reign with pow'r and justice crown'd,
 And rule the tributary realms around. 206
 All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
 And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
 Pluto, the grisly god, who never spares,
 Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs, 210
 Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
 And mortals hate him, as the worst of gods.
 Great though he be, it fits him to obey;
 Since more than his my years, and more my sway.
 The monarch thus: the rev'rend Nestor then: 215
 Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
 Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
 And such as fits a gen'rous king to make.
 Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,
 (Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent. 220

Let Phoenix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
 Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage;
 Yet more to sanctify the word you send,
 Let Hódios and Eurybates attend.
 Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
 Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands. 226

He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
 The cleansing water from the living spring.
 The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
 And large libations drench'd the sands around. 230
 The rite perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,
 Then from the royal tent they take their way;
 Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
 Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply:

Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses host, 235
 To deprecate the chief, and save the host.
 Thro' the still night they march, and hear the roar
 Of murmur'ing billows on the sounding shore.
 To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
 Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround, 240
 They pour forth vows their embassy to bless,
 And calm the rage of stern Æacides.

And now arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay,
 The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay;
 Amus'd, at ease, the godlike man they found, 245
 Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.
 (The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,
 Of polish'd silver was its costly frame:)

With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
 Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings. : 250

Patroclus only of the royal train,
 Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
 Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,
 In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
 Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds 255

To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
 Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,
 Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
 With like surprise arose Menœtius' son:
 Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun. 260

Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
 Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;

Welcome, tho' Greeks ! for not as foes ye came ;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led, 265
And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
'Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry soul.
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.

He said ; Patroclus, o'er the blazing fire, 271
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire :
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat, contains :
Achilles at the genial feast presides, 275
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.

Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise ;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze :
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
He strows a bed of glowing embers wide, 280

Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns ;
With bread the glitt'ring cannisters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd
Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in sight, 285
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.

The first fat off'rings, to the immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw ;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repress. 290

That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign ;
Not unperceiv'd ; Ulysses crown'd with wine
'The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man.

Health to Achilles ! happy are thy guests ! 295
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts :
Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords ;
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
Not ceas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls. 300

What scenes of slaughter in yon field appear !
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear ;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
And owns no help but from thy saving hands :

Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call ; 305

Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall :

Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,

And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame!

For them the Father of the gods declares,

Theirs are his omen, and his thunders theirs. 310

See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise !

See ! heav'n and earth the raging chief defies ;

What fury in his breast, what light'ning in his eyes ! } 315

He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame

The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name. 315

Heav'ns ! how my country's woes distract my mind,

Lest fate accomplish all his rage design'd.

And must we, gods ! our heads inglorious lay

In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day ?

Return, Achilles ! Oh return, tho' late, 320

To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate ;

If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,

Rise to Redeem ; ah yet, to conquer rise !

The day may come, when all our warriors slain,

That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain. 325

Regard in time, O prince divinely brave !

Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.

When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd

His parting son, these accents were his last :

My child ! with strength, with glory, and success, 330

Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless !

Trust that to heav'n : but thou, thy cares engage

To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage :

From gentler manners let thy glory grow,

And shun contention, the sure source of woe ; 335

That young and old may in thy praise combine,

The virtues of humanity be thine.—

This, now despis'd advice, thy father gave ;

Ah ! check thy anger, and be truly brave.

If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' pray'rs, 340

Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares ;

If not—but hear me, while I number o'er

The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.

Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,

And twice ten vases of refulgent mold ; 345

Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unsully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame ;
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course :
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed 350
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed,)
Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine.
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms. 355
All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these the long-contested maid ;
With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign,
And solemn swear those charms were only thine ;
Untouch'd she staid, uninjur'd she removes, 360
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
'These instant shall be thine ; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides. 365
Besides full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace ;
Such as thyself shall chuse ; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther : when our wars are o'er, 370
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide his care.
Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed ; 375
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair,
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve ;
He asks no presents, no reward for love :
Himself will give the dow'r ; so vast a store, 380
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities shall confess thy sway,
The Enope, and Phœæ thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus, for wines renown'd : 385
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Anthœia with her flow'ry fields :

The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main,
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil; 390
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil.
There shalt thou reign with pow'r and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a suppliant king. 395
But if all this relentless thou disdain,
If honour, and if int'rest plead in vain;
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongst her guardian gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy suff'ring country claim, 400
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame;
For now that chief, whose unresisted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deserve thy hands. 405

Then thus the goddess born. Ulysses, hear
A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain, 410
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

'Then thus in short my fixt resolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks can bend; 415
Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the same;
Alike regretted in the dust he lies, 420

Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains!
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends; 426
In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants by my labours sav'd;

Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood, 430
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
 I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
 And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain :
 'Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made. 435
 Your mighty monarch these in peace possess ;
 Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
 Some present too to ev'ry prince was paid ;
 And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made ;
 I only must refund, of all his train ; 440
 See what pre-eminencé our merits gain !
 My spoil alone his greedy soul delights ;
 My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights :
 The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy ;
 But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy ? 445
 What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
 What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cause ?
 Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
 Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race ?
 The wife whom choice and passion both approve, 450
 Sure ev'ry wise and worthy man will love,
 Nor did my fair one less distinction claim ;
 Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
 Wrong'd in my love all proffers I disdain ;
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again. 455
 Ye have my answer—what remains to do,
 Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence this arm can make ?
 Has he not walls no human force can shake ?
 Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round, 460
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound ?
 And will not these (the wonders he has done)
 Repel the rage of Priam's single son ?
 There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
 When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought ; 465
 He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
 Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate ;
 He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by fate.
 But now those ancient enmities are o'er ;
 To-morrow we the fav'ring gods implore, 470

Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
 And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.
 The third day hence shall Pthia greet our sails,
 If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
 Pthia to her Achilles shall restore 475
 The wealth he left for this detested shore;
 Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
 The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass;
 My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
 And all that rests of my unravish'd prey. 480
 One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave.
 And that resum'd; the fair Lyrnessian slave.
 Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
 And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear;
 (For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves, 485
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
 Tho' shameless as he is, to face these eyes
 Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies;)
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
 Nor share his council, nor his battle join: 490
 For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
 No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
 His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
 Stand but as slaves before a noble mind. 495
 Not tho' he proffer'd all himself possest,
 And all his rapine could from others wrest;
 Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
 The many-peopled Orchómenian town;
 Not all proud Thebes' unrival'd walls contain, 500
 The worlds great empress on th' Egyptian plain,
 (That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
 And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,
 Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars,
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars;) 505
 Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
 Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
 Should all these offers for my friendship call,
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
 Attridges' daughter never shall be led 510
 (An ill match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;

Like golden Venus tho' she charm'd the heart,
And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art.
Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrants race. 515
If heaven restore me to my realms with life,
The reverend Peleus shall elect my wife;
Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
Blest in kind love, my years shall glide away, 520
Content with just hereditary sway;
'There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold, 525
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
Lost herds and treasures, we by arms regain,
And steeds unrival'd on the dusty plain:
But from our lips the vital spirit fled, 530
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;
Here, if I stay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathless my renown: 535
If I return, I quit immortal praise
For years on years, and long extended days.
Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond mistake,
And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make;
To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy, 540
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy.
Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies,
Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
Go then to Greece, report our fixt design;
Bid all your councils, all your armies join, 545
Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
One stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find Achilles is unconquer'd still:
Go then—digest my message as ye may— 550
But here this night let rev'rend Phoenix stay:
His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.

But whether he remain or sail with me,
His age be sacred, and his will be free. 555

The son of Peleus ceas'd: the chiefs around
In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,
Attend the stern reply. 'Then Phoenix rose,
(Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows :)
And while the fate of suffering Greece he mourn'd, 560
With accent weak these tender words return'd.

Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire!
If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
How shall thy friend, thy Phoenix, stay behind? 565

'The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast
He sent thee early to th' Achaian host,
Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field :
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war ; 570
To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.

Never, ah, never let me leave thy side!
No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
Not tho' the god, that breath'd my life, restore
The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore, 575
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames.
(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames.)

My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms,
I try'd what youth could do (at her desire) 580
To win the damsel, and prevent my sire.
My sire with curses loads my hated head,
And cries, ' Ye furies ! barren be his bed.'

Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow. 585
Despair and grief distract my lab'ring mind ;
Gods ! what a crime my impious heart design'd !

I thought (but some kind god that thought suppress)
To plunge the poinard in my father's breast :
'Then meditate my flight: my friends in vain 590
With pray'rs intreat me, and with force detain ;

On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine :
Strong guards they plac'd and watch'd nine nights entire ;
The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire. 595

The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unseen of all ;
 And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
 My travels thence thro' spacious Greece extend,
 In Pthia's court at last my labours end.
 Your sire receiv'd me, as his son caress'd, 600
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions bless'd.
 The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
 And all the coast that runs along the main.
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd ; 605
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
 Thy infant breast a like affection show'd ;
 Still in my arms, (an ever-pleasing load,)
 Or at my knee, by Phœnix wouldst thou stand : 610
 No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.
 I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares ;
 The gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
 And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee : 615
 Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage resign'd :
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind :
 The gods (the only great, and only wise,) 620
 Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice ;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily pray'rs atone for daily sins.
 Pray'rs are Jove's daughters of celestial race,
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face ; 625
 With humble mien, and with dejected eyes,
 Constant they follow, where injustice flies :
 Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind ;
 While prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind. }
 Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove, 631
 For him they mediate to the throne above :
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The sire revenges for the daughter's sake ;
 From Jove commission'd, fierce injustice then 635
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.

Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway ;
These reconciling goddesses obey :
Due honours to the seed of Jove belong ;
Due honours calm the fierce and bend the strong. 640
Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes should engage
Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.
But since what honour asks, the gen'ral sends, 645
And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,
The best and noblest of the Grecian train ;
Permit not these to sue, and in vain !
Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old ; 650
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,
Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands ;
To guard it those, to conquer, these advance ; 655
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The silver Cynthia bade contention rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice ;
On Æneus' fields she sent a monstrous boar,
That level'd harvests, and whole forests tore : 660
This beast, (when many a chief his tusks had slain,)
Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.
'Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd, 665
While Meleager's thundering arm prevail'd :
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast,
(For rage intades the wisest and the best.)
Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields. 670
' (She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,
' And matchless Idas, more than man in war ;
' The god of day ador'd the mother's charms,
' Against the god the father bent his arms ;
' Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim, 675
' From Cleopatra chang'd his daughter's name,
' And call'd Alcione ; a name to show
' The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.')

To her the chief retir'd from stern debate,
 But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate : 680
 Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
 Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew;
 She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath
 On her own son to wreak her brother's death :
 Hell heard her curses from the realms profound, 685
 And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
 In vain Ætolia her deliv'rer waits,
 War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
 She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,
 Priests of the gods, and elders of the land ; 690
 Besought the chief to save the sinking state :
 Their pray'rs were urgent, and their proffers great :
 (Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
 Half pasture green, and half with vineyards crown'd.)
 His suppliant father, aged Œneus, came ; 695
 His sisters follow'd ; even the vengeful dame,
 Althæa sues ; his friends before him fall,
 He stands relentless, and rejects 'em all:
 Meanwhile the victor's shouts ascend the skies,
 The walls are scal'd, the rolling flames arise ; 700
 At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
 With piercing cries, and supplicating tears;
 She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd : 705
 The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
 Th' Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
 And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
 Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
 Nor stay till yonder fleets ascend in fire : 710
 Accept the presents, draw thy conqu'ring sword;
 And be amongst our guardian gods ador'd.
 Thus he : the stern Achilles thus reply'd.
 My second father, and my rev'rend guide :
 Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands, 715
 And asks no honours from a mortal's hands :
 Jove honours me, and favours my designs ;
 His pleasure guides me, and his will confines :
 And here I stay (if such his high behest)
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast. 720

Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart,
No more molest me on Atrides' part :
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
For him these sorrows ? for my mortal foe ?
A generous friendship no cold medium knows, 723
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;
One should our interests, and our passions be ;
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a generous part,
And share my realms, my honours, and my heart. 730
Let these return : our voyage, or our stay,
Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd, then order'd for the sage's bed
A warmer couch with num'rous carpets spread.
With that stern Ajax his long silence broke, 735
And thus, impatient to Ulysses spoke.

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain ?
See what effect our low submissions gain !
Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait. 740
Proud as he is, that iron heart retains
Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.
Stern, and unpitying ! if a brother bleed,
One just atonement, we remit the deed ;
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives, 745
The price of blood discharg'd, the murd'rer lives :
The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
And gifts can conquer ev'ry soul but thine.
The gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield. 750
One woman slave was ravish'd from thy arms .
Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles ! be of better mind ;
Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind :
And know the men, of all the Grecian host, 755
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.

O soul of battles, and thy people's guide !
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd,)
Well hast thou spoke : but at the tyrant's name,
My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame : 760
'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave,
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave !

Return then heroes! and our answer bear,
 The glorious combat is no more my care;
 Not till amidst yon sinking navy slain, 765
 The blood of Greeks shall die the sable main;
 Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
 Consume your vessels; and approach my own;
 Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
 There cease his battle, and their feel our hand. 770

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
 And cast a large libation on the ground;
 Then to their vessels, thro' the gloomy shades,
 The chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.
 Meantime Achilles' slave prepar'd a bed, 775
 With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:
 There, till the sacred morn restor'd the day,
 In slumber sweet the rev'rend Phoenix lay.
 But in his inner tent, and ampler space,
 Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace 780
 Fair Diomede of the Lesbian race.

Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
 Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shar'd:
 Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,
 When Scyros fell before his conqu'ring arms. 785

And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had sent,
 Pass'd thro' the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.
 Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,
 The peers, and leaders of the Achaian bands
 Hail'd their return: Atreides first began. 795

Say what success? divine Laertes' son!
 Achilles' high resolves declare to all;
 Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?

Great king of nations! (Ithacus reply'd,) 795
 Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
 He slights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
 And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.
 To save our army, and our fleets to free,
 Is not his care: but left to Greece and thee.
 Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky.
 Beneath his oars the whit'ning billows fly, 801
 Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n protected Troy;

For Jove o'ershades her with his arm divine,
Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine. 805
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,
These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.

But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,
Safe to transport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns: if other he decrec, 810
His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

Ulysses ceas'd: the great Achaian host,
With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
The gen'ral silence, and undaunted spoke. 815

Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?
Or strive with pray'rs his haughty soul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And pray'rs will burst that swelling heart with pride.
Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd; 820

Our battles let him, or desert, or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit,
That, to his madness, or to heav'n commit:
What for ourselves we can, is always ours:

This night let due repast refresh our pow'rs; 825
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food:)

But when the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine, 830
In flaming arms a long extended line:

In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
The first in danger, as in high command.

Shouts of acclaim the list'ning heroes raise,
Then each to heaven the due libation pays; 835
'Till sleep descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessing of desir'd repose.

THE
I L I A D.

BOOK X.

The Argument.

The night adventure of Diomed and Ulysses.

UPON the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture; and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage, they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians, who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the *scene* lies in the two camps.

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:
All but the king: with various thoughts oppress,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.
As when by lightnings Jove's æthereal pow'r,
Foretels the rattling hail, or weighty show'r,
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;

By fits one flash, succeeds as one expires,
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires. 10
So bursting frequent from Atreides' breast,
Sighs following sighs his inward fears confest,
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the passing wind their music blow, 15
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd host.
He rends his hairs in sacrifice to Jove,
And sues to him that ever lives above: 20
Inly he groans; while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.

A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves,
To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves,
With him, in wholesome councils, to debate 25
What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;
A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held. 30
Meanwhile his brother, prest with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,
Laments for Greece; that in his cause before
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.
A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread; 35
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
To wake Atreides, in the royal tent.
Already wak'd, Atreides he descry'd,
His armour buckling at his vessel's side, 40
Joyful they met: the Spartan thus begun:
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?
Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan pow'rs?
But say, what hero shall sustain that task? 45
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask,
Guideless, alone, thro' night's dark shade to go,
And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe?

To whom the king. In such distress we stand,
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand;

Greece to preserve, is now no easy part,
 But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.
 For Jove averse, our humble pray'r denies,
 And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.
 What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd, 55
 In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
 Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
 And we beheld, the last revolving sun?
 What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn?
 Sprung from no god, and of no goddess born, 60
 Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,
 And curse the battle where their fathers fell.
 Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
 There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
 Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair; 65
 To keep the guards on duty, be his care;
 (For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
 Whose son, with Merion, o'er the watch presides.)
 To whom the Spartan: These thy orders borne,
 Say, shall I stay, or with dispatch return? 70
 There shalt thou stay, (the king of men reply'd),
 Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,
 The paths so many, and the camp so wide. }
 Still, with your voice, the slothful soldiers raise,
 Urge by their fathers fame their future praise, 75
 Forget we now our state and lofty birth;
 Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.
 To labour is the lot of man below:
 And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.
 This said, each parted to his sev'ral cares; 80
 The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs;
 The sage protector of the Greeks he found
 Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around;
 The various colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
 The shining helmet, and the pointed spears: 85
 The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
 That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
 Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
 The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes and said.
 What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown, 90
 While others sleep, thus range the camp alone?

Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel ?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.

O son of Neleus, (thus the king rejoin'd),
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind ! 95
Lo, here the wretched Agamemnon stands,
Th' unhappy gen'ral of the Grecian bands ;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes that only with his life shall end !
Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain, 100
And scarce my heart support its load of pain.
No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known ;
Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,
With fears distracted, with no fix'd design ;
And all my people's miseries are mine. 105
If ought of use, thy waking thoughts suggest,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest),
Impart thy council, and assist thy friend ;
Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite, 110
Tir'd with the toils of day and watch of night :
Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus Nestor. Trust the pow'rs above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove: 115
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind ?
Audacious Hector, if the gods ordain
That great Achilles rise and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain ? 120 }
Lo, faithful Nestor thy command obeys ;
The care is next our other chiefs to raise :
Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need ;
Meges for strength, Oileus fam'd for speed.
Some other be dispatch'd of nimbler feet, 125 }
To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,
Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.
To rouse the Spartan I myself decree ;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share 130
With his great brother in his martial care :
Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to sue,
Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you ;

- For strong necessity our toils demands,
 Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands. 135
 To whom the king : With rev'rence we allow
 Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now ;
 My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
 He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind ;
 Thro' too much def'rence to our sov'reign sway, 140
 Content to follow when we lead the way.
 But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
 Long ere the rest, he rose and sought my tent.
 The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call.
 Prepare to meet us near the navy wall ; 145
 Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
 Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.
 Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand,
 For great examples justify command.
 With that the venerable warrior rose ; 150
 The shining greaves his manly legs inclose ;
 His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
 Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
 Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
 His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past. 155
 The camp he travers'd thro' the sleeping crowd
 Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.
 Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
 Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.
 What new distress, what sudden cause of fright, 160
 Thus leads you wand'ring in the silent night ?
 O prudent chief ! (the Pylian sage reply'd),
 Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd :
 Whatever means of safety can be sought,
 Whatever counsels can inspire our thought, 165
 Whatever methods, or to fly or fight ;
 All, all, depend on this important night !
 He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield :
 Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
 Without his tent bold Diomed they found, 170
 All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round :
 Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
 His head reclining on his bossy shield.
 A wood of spears stood by, that fixt upright,
 Shot from their flashing points a quiv'ring light. 175

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed; 510

A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.

Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes

The slumb'ring chief, and in these words awakes.

Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong 180

Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.

But sleep'st thou now! when from yon hill the foe

Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below?

At this, soft slumber from his eye-lids fled;

The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said, 185

Wond'rous old man! whose soul no respite knows,

Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose.

Let yonder Greeks our sleeping warriors wake;

Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.

My friend, (he answer'd) gen'rous is thy care; 190

These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,

Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire

To ease a sov'reign, and relieve a sire.

But now the last despair surrounds our host;

No hour must pass, no moment must be lost; 195

Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,

Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life.

Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,

Employ thy youth as I employ my age;

Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest; 200

He serves me most, who serves his country best.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung

A lion's spoils, that to his ancles hung;

Then seiz'd his pond'rous lance, and strode along.

Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for speed 205

The warrior rous'd, and to th' intrenchments led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard,

A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd:

Th' unweary'd watch their list'ning leaders keep,

And couching close, repel invading sleep. 210

So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,

With toil protected from the prowling train;

When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,

Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:

Thro' breaking woodsherrust'ling course they hear; 215

Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear

Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
 Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry sound.
 'Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise,
 Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes; 220
 Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright;
 And hostile 'Troy was ever full in sight.
 Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
 And thus accosted through the gloomy shade.
 'Tis well, my sons; your nightly cares employ, 225
 Else must our host become the scorn of 'Troy.
 Watch thus, and Greece shall live—The hero said;
 Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
 His son, and godlike Merion march'd behind,
 (For these the princes to their council join'd) 230
 The trenches past, th' assembled kings around
 In silent state the consistory crown'd.
 A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
 The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before,
 When night descending, from his vengeful hand, 235
 Repriev'd the relicks of the Grecian band:
 (The plain beside with mangled corps was spread,
 And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead);
 'There sat the mournful kings: when Neleus' son
 The council op'ning, in these words begun. 240
 Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
 His life to hazard, and his country save?
 Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
 To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
 Or favour'd by the night, approach so near, 245
 Their speech, their counsels and designs to hear?
 If to besiege our navies they prepare,
 Or 'Troy once more must be the seat of war!
 This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
 And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night; 250
 What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,
 While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to praise?
 What gifts his grateful country would bestow!
 What must not Greece to her deliv'rer owe?
 A sable ewe each leader should provide, 255
 With each a sable lambkin by her side;
 At ev'ry rite his share should be increas'd,
 And his the foremost honours of the feast.

Fear held them mute : alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides spoke—'The man you seek, is here : 260
Thro' yon black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
Some god within commands, and I obey.
But let some other chosen warrior join,
To raise my hopes, and second my design.
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid, 265
Great deeds are done, and great discov'ries made ;
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word arose :
Each gen'rous breast with emulation glows : 270
So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir ;
The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
And great Ulysses wish'd nor wish'd in vain.
Then thus the king of men the contest ends : 275
Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
Undaunted Diomed ! what chief to join
In this great enterprize, is only thine.
Just be thy choice, without affection made,
To birth, or office no respect be paid ; 280
Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulse of my mind,
How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands 285
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands ?
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care ;
So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war :
Blest in his conduct, I no aid require,
Wisdom like his might pass thro' flames of fire. 290

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the sage,) to praise me or to blame ;
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away, 295
The redd'ning orient shews the coming day,
The stars shine fainter, on th' ætherial plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they drest. 300

A two-edg'd faulchion Thrasymed the brave,
 And ample buckler, to Tydides gave :
 Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
 Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread :
 (Such as by youths unus'd to arms are worn ; 305
 No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)
 Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,
 A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd :
 A well-prov'd casque with leather braces bound
 (Thy gift, Meriones) his temples crown'd ; 310
 Soft wool within ; without, in order spread,
 A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
 This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,
 Autolychus by fraudulent rapine won,
 And gave Amphidamas ; from him the prize 315
 Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties ;
 The helmet next by Merion was posses'd,
 And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd.
 Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
 And dark thro' paths oblique their progress take. 320
 Just then, in sign, she favour'd their intent,
 A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent :
 This, tho' surrounding shades obscur'd their view,
 By the shril clang and whistling wings they knew.
 As from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd, 325
 Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the maid.
 O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield !
 O thou ! for ever present in my way,
 Who, all my motions, all my toils survey ! 330
 Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
 Safe by thy succour to thy ships convey'd ;
 And let some deed this signal night adorn,
 To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.
 'Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his pray'r ; 335
 Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas ! hear.
 Great queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won,
 As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son.
 When on Æsopus' banks the banded pow'rs
 Of Greece he left, and sought the Theban tow'rs, 340
 Peace was his charge ; receiv'd with peaceful show,
 He went a legate, but return'd a foe ;

Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be present, oh celestial maid ! 345

So still continue to the race thine aid !
A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns. 350

The heroes pray'd, and Pallas from the skies
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprize.
Now, like two lions panting for their prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain 355
Thro' dust, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of slain.

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy
On high designs the wakeful hours employ ;
Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd ;
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd. 360

What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward ?
Of yonder fleet a bold discov'ry make,
What watch they keep, and what resolves they take ?
If now subdu'd they meditate their flight, 365
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night ?
His be the chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host ;
His the fair steeds that shall the rest excel,
And his the glory to have serv'd so well. 370

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy,
(Five girls beside the rev'rend herald told,)
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold ;
Not blest by nature with the charms of face, 375
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.
Hector ! (he said) my courage bids me meet
This high atchievement, and explore the fleet :
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
And swear to grant me the demanded prize : 380
Th' immortal coursers, and the glitt'ring car,
That bear Pelides thro' the ranks of war.
Encourag'd thus no idle scout I go,
Fulfil thy wish their whole intention know,

Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way, 385
And all their councils, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden sceptre high,
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky.
Be witness thou ! immortal Lord of all !
Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall ! 390
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus Hector swore : the gods were call'd in vain :
But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain :
Across his back the bended bow he flung, 395
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shin'd.
'Then (never to return) he sought the shore,
And trode the paths his feet must tread no more. 400
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along,)
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed.

O friend ! I hear some step of hostile feet ; 405
Moving this way, or hast'ning to the fleet ;
Some spy, perhaps, to lurk beside the main ;
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space ;
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace. 410
But if too swift of foot he flies before,
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their head
(As Dolon pass'd) behind a heap of dead : 416
Along the path the spy unwary flew ;
Soft at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.
So distant they, and such the space between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green, 420
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows,)
When now few furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon list'ning heard them as they past ;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,
'Till scarce at distance of a jav'lin's throw, 425
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.

As when two skilful hounds the lev'ret wind,
Or chase thro' woods obscure the trembling hind;
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd still turn the flying prey; 430
So fast, and with such fears the Trojan flew;
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.

Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;
When brave Tydides stopt; a gen'rous thought 435
(Inspir'd by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,
Lest on the foe some forward Greek advance,
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.

Then thus aloud: who'er thou art, remain;
'This jav'lin else shall fix thee to the plain. 440

He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past;
Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood:
A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head; 445
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow: 450
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,
And steel well temper'd, and refulgent gold.

To whom Ulysses made this wise reply;
Who'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the fight,
To roam the silent fields in dead of night? 456

Can'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led,
Thro' heaps of carnage, to despoil the dead? 460

'Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
(Still, as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook,)
Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd;
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd;
No less a bribe than great Achilles car, 465
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:

If now subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,
 And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night? 470
 Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
 (Ulysses, with a scornful smile replies;)
 Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,
 And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
 Ev'n great Achilles scarce their rage can tame, 475
 Achilles sprung from an immortal dame.
 But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!
 Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night?
 Where stand his coursers? in what quarter sleep
 Their other princes? tell what watch they keep? 480
 Say, since this conquest, what their councils are?
 Or here to combat, from their city far,
 Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war? }
 Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:
 What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own. 485
 Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,
 A council holds at Ilus' monument.
 No certain guards the nightly watch partake;
 Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake;
 Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep; 490
 Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
 Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
 Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.
 Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,
 (Inquir'd the chief,) or scatter'd o'er the plain? 495
 To whom the spy: their powers they thus dispose:
 The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
 The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
 And Leleges, encamp along the coast, 500
 Not distant far, lie hither on the land,
 The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,
 And Phrygia's horse, by Teymbra's ancient wall;
 The Thracians utmost, and a-part from all.
 These Troy but lately to her succour won,
 Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son: 505
 I saw his coursers in proud triumph go,
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow:
 Rich silver plates his shining car unfold;
 His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;

No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,
Celestial Panoply, to grace a god!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; 'till your return reveal
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell. 515

To this 'Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
Think not to live, tho' all the truth be shown:
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore! 520
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
Like lightning swift the wrathful faulchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; 525
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear;
These great Ulysses lifting to the skies, 530
O fav'ring Pallas dedicates the prize.

Great queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,
And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil:
Thee first of all the heav'nly host we praise:
O speed our labours, and direct our ways! 535
'This said, the spoil, with dropping gore defac'd,
High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd:
'Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footsteps to the place again.

'Thro' the still night they cross the devious fields, 540
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,
Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day.
Rang'd in there lines they view the prostrate band;
The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand; 545
Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
'Thro' the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd;
Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.

The welcome sight Ulysses first descries, 550
And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
The man, the coursers, and the car, behold !
Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides ! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie ; 555
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.
Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms ;
Where'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursu'd 560
His thirsty faulchion, sat with hostile blood,
Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the shore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen ; 565
On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
Nor stoop'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
'Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
Ulysses following, as his partner slew, 570
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew ;
The milk-white coursers studious to convey
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way ;
Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred.
Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead. 575
Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they found ;
Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent ;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore : 580
So dream'd the monarch and awak'd no more.
Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins ;
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along ;
(The scourge forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung.) 585
Then gave his friend the signal to retire :
But him, new dangers, new achievements fire :
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay, 590
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.

While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.

Enough, my son, from farther slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace; 595
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile gods of Troy.

The voice divine confess'd the martial maid;
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow, 600
Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd the god of light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' son with heav'nly succour blest,
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast, 605
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the pow'r,
And wakes Hippocoon in the morning hour,
(On Rhesus' side accusom'd to attend,
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend).
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood, 610
An empty space where late the coursers stood,
The yet-warm Tracians panting on the coast;
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most:
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult spreads o'er all the plain; 615
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the slaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the shade
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd to him Tydides bore 620
The trophy, drooping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The coursers ply, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around. 625
Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye gods! my pious hopes succeed)
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear, 630
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
The chiefs outnumber'd by the Trojan train:

Perhaps, ev'n now pursu'd, they seek the shore
Or, oh! perhaps those heroes are no more. 635

Scarce had he spoke, when, lo! the chiefs appear,
And spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their fear:
With words of friendship and extended hands
They greet the kings; and Nestor first demands:

Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim, 640
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!

Say, whence these coursers? by what chance bestow'd,
'The spoil of foes, or present of a god?

Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day. 645

Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle on the martial field;

But sure 'till now no coursers struck my sight
Like these, conspicuous thro' the ranks of fight.

Some god, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize, 650
Blest as ye are, and fav'rites of the skies;

'The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And * her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father! not so, (sage Ithacus rejoin'd)
The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind. 655

Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew;

Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.

These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came. 660
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,

By Hector sent our forces to explore,
'He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue. 665

Strait to 'Tydides' high pavilion borne,
The matchless steeds his ample stall adorn:

'The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.

But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd, 670
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,

A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd maid.

Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
They cleanse their bodies in the neighb'ring main;

* Minerva.

Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil, 675
Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
In due repast indulge the genial hour,
And first to Pallas the libations pour :
They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine. 680

THE
I L I A D.

BOOK XI.

The Argument.

The third battle, and the acts of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement until the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, until Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to enquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles's armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;

With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
 And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light.
 When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command, 5
 The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
 Thro' the red skies her bloody sign extends,
 And wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
 High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
 She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and land : 10
 Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
 Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
 Thence the black fury thro' the Grecian throng
 With horror sounds the loud Orthian song : 15
 The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
 Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
 No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
 'The king of men his hardy host inspires'
 With loud commandment, with great example fires; 20
 Himself first rose, himself before the rest
 His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.
 And first he cas'd his manly legs around
 In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound :
 The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast, 25
 The same which once king Cinyrus possess'd :
 (The fame of Greece and her assembled host
 Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast ;
 'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,
 This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain). 30
 Ten rows of azure steel the work unfold,
 Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold ;
 Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget rise,
 Whose imitated scales against the skies
 Reflected various light, and arching bow'd, 35
 Like colour'd rainbows o'er a show'ry cloud :
 (Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dies,
 Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies).
 A radiant baldric o'er his shoulder ty'd,
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side : 40
 Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
 The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
 His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
 That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade ;

Ten stones of brass its ample brim surround, 45
 And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd
 Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
 And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield :
 Within its concave hung a silver thong,
 On which a mimic serpent creeps along 50
 His azure length in easy waves extends,
 'Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
 Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd :
 And in his hands two steely jav'lines wield, 55
 That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.
 That instant Juno, and the martial maid,
 In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid ;
 High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,
 And leaning from the clouds, expect the war. 60
 Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
 The fiery coursers to their chariots bound
 The squires restrain'd : the foot, with those who wield
 The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
 To second these, in close array combin'd, 65
 The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
 Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
 As with the light the warriors toils begun,
 Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
 Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field ; 70
 The woes of men unwilling to survey,
 And all the slaughters that must stain the day.
 Near Ilus' tomb in order rang'd around,
 The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground,
 There wise Polydamus and Hector stood ; 75
 Æneas, honour'd as a guardian god ;
 Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine ;
 The brother warriors of Antenor's line ;
 With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face,
 And fair proportion, match'd the athereal race ; 80
 Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious shield,
 Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
 As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
 'Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires
 Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the godlike man, 85
 Plung'd in the rear or blazing in the van ;

While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his arms as lightning from the skies.
As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield, 90
Bear down their furrows, till their labours meet ;
Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet.
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are strow'd on every side.
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight ; 95
But horse to horse, and man to man they fight.
Not rapid wolves more fierce contest their prey ;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.
Discord with joy the scene of death describes,
And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes ; 100
Discord alone, of all the immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain ;
The gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill ;
But general murmurs told their griefs above, 105
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone,
Th' eternal monarch, on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat,
And fixed, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate. 110
On earth he turn'd his all considering eyes,
And mark'd the spot where Ilion's tow'rs arise ;
The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.
Thus while the morning beams increasing bright 115
O'er heav'ns pure azure spread the growing light,
Commatural death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now, (what time in some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal, 120
When his tir'd arms refuse the axe to rear,
And claim a respite from the sylvan war ;
But not till half the prostrate forest lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day ;)
Then, nor till then, the Greeks impulsive might 125
Pierc'd the blank phalanx, and let in the light,
Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,
And slew Bienor at his people's head :

Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king : 130
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the
ground.

Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain :
Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain :
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky, 135
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two sons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love ;
In the same car the brother warriors ride,
'This took the charge to combat, that to guide ; 140
Far other task ! than when they went to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep.

These on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound ;
Then to their sire for ample sums restor'd, 145
But now to perish by Atrides' sword :

Pierc'd in the breast the base-born Isus bleeds :
Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate succeeds.
Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
And stript, their features to his mind recalls. 150

The Trojans see the youths untimely die,
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
So when a lion, raging o'er the lawns,
Finds on some grassy lare the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws, 155
And grinds the quiv'ring flesh with bloody jaws ;
The frightened hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift thro' rustling thickets bursts her way ;
All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes. 160

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
The sons of false Antimachus were slain ;
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,
And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd as these their safety sought, 165
And slew the children for their father's fault ;
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
'They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein ;

Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call. 170

Oh spare our youth, and for the life we owe
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow ;
Soon as he hears, that, not in battle slain,
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told, 175
And steel well temper'd, and persuasive gold.

These words attended with a flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply,
If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die : 180
The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace ! and sues his seed for grace !
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This said, Pisander from the car he cast, 185
And pierc'd his breast: supine he breath'd his last.
His brother leap'd to earth, but as he lay,
The trenchant faulchion lop'd his hands away ;
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,
And rolling, drew a bloody trail along. 190

Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew,
The kings example all his Greeks pursue;
Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise, 195
Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.

The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
Still slaught'ring on, the king of men proceeds,
The distanc'd army wonders at his deeds. 200

As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the groves old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all.
Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe, 205

Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword,
And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls ; 210

While his keen faulchion drinks the warriors lives ;
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives !

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and destiny prolong'd his date,
Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he stood, 215
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town. 220

As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursu'd,
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.

Meanwhile on ev'ry side, around the plain, 225
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train.

So flies a herd of beeves, that hear dismay'd
'The lion's roaring thro' the midnight shade;
On heaps they tumble with successful haste,
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last : 230

Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost slew ;
Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall ; 235
Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.

But Jove descending shook the Idean hills,
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills :
'Th' unkindled lightning in his hand he took,
And thus the many-coloured maid bespoke. 240

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
To godlike Hector this our word convey.

While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way ; but issue forth commands, 245
And trust the war to less important hands :

But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart :
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd, 250

Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd,
On wings of winds descends the various maid.
The chief she found amidst the ranks of war, 255
Close to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
The goddess then : O son of Priam, hear !
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abstain from fight ; yet issue forth commands, 261
And trust the war to less important hands.
But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart :
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd, 266
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd : Hector with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground, 270
In clanging arms : he grasps in either hand
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band :
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They stand to arms : the Greeks their onset dare, 275
Condense their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
New force, new spirit to each breast returns :
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns :
The king leads on, all fix on him their eye,
And learn from him, to conquer, or to die. 280

Ye sacred nine, celestial muses ! tell,
Who fac'd him first, and by his prowess fell ?
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young :
From sage Antenor and Theano sprung ;
Who from his youth his grandsire Cisseus bred, 285
And nurs'd in Thrace where snowy flocks are fed,
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
And early honour warm his gen'rous brea-t,
When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms. 290

But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy ;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.

With twelve black ships he reach'd Percopé's strand,
Thence took the long, laborious march by land. 296
Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he springs,
Tow'ring in arms, and braves the king of kings.
Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear,
The Trojan stoop'd, the jav'lin pass'd in air. 300
Then near the corslet, at the monarch's heart.
With all his strength, the youth directs his dart :
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Incumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands, 305
Till grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.
At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes. 310
Oh worthy better fate ! oh early slain !
Thy country's friend : and virtuous, tho' in vain !
Nor more the youth shall join his consort's side,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride !
No more with presents her embraces meet, 315
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more !
Unwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away. 320
Coon, Antenor's eldest hope was nigh,
Tears, at the sight came starting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he
view'd,
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.
Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took, 325
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.
The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,
And thro' his arm stood forth the barbed dart.
Surpriz'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coon rushes with his lifted spear : 330
His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to assert his cause,
Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,
And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.

Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,
The monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away :
The social shades the same dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below. 340

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields;
By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood ; 345
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
Less keen those darts the fierce Ilythiæ send,
(The pow'rs that cause the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes !) 350

Stung with the smart all panting with the pain,
He mounts his car, and gives the squire the rein ;
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.

O friends ! O Greeks ! assert your honours won ;
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun : 356
Lo ! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said : the driver whirls his lengthful thong ;
The horses fly ! the chariot smokes along. 360
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce coursers blow,
And from their sides the foam descends in snow ;
Shot thro' the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retir'd, 365
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fir'd :
Hear all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race !
Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face.
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers virtues, and your own. 370
Behold, the gen'ral flies ! deserts his pow'rs !
Lo Jove himself declares the conquest ours !
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming steeds,
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like these the fiery chief alarms 375
His fainting host, and ev'ry bosom warms.

As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tusky bear,
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
And springs the foremost with his lifted dart : 380
So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare,
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours,
As from the clouds deep bosom swell'd with show'rs,
A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps, 385
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
Say, muse ! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground ?
Assæus, Dolops, and Autinous dy'd,
Opites next was added to their side, 390
Then brave Hipponous fam'd in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night,
Æsymnus, Agelaus ; all chiefs of name ;
The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with storms,
Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms ; 396
The gust continu'd, violent and strong,
Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along :
Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares.
Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands, 401
O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
Now the last ruin the whole host appalls,
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls ;
But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth, 405
His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.
And stand we deedless, O eternal shame !
Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame ?
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side,
The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd. 410
No martial toil I shun, no danger fear,
Let Hector come ; I wait his fury here.
But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train,
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.
He sigh'd : but sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel, 415
And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell :
Molion, the charioteer, pursu'd his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.

There slain they left them in eternal night ;
Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight. 420
So two wild boars outstript the following hounds,
'Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain
Stood check'd a while, and Greece respir'd again.

The sons of Merops shone amidst the war ; 425
Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car :
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field ;
Fate urg'd them on ; the father warn'd in vain,
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain ! 430
'Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms ;
'The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.

Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.
Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his sight, 435
And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.

By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,
'The far-fam'd hero of Pæonian strain ;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh ; 440
Thro' broken orders ; swifter than the wind.
He fled, but flying left his life behind.

'This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes
'Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies ;
Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend, 445
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Mark how this way yon bending squadrons yield !
The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field : 450
Here stand his utmost force — The warrior said ;
Swift at the word his pond'rous jav'lin fled ;
Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands) 455

Without a wound the Trojan hero stands ;
But yet so stunn'd, that stagg'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain ;
O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes. 460

Tydidēs follow'd to regain his lance;
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance,
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the croud;
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath, 465
Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy pray'rs repaid,
And oft that partial pow'r has lent his aid.
Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,
If any God assist Tydides' hand. 470

Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far,
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war,) 475
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument;
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;
Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus' crest
To seize, and drew the cours'lets from his breast. 480
The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.

He bleeds! (he cries) some god has sped my dart;
Would the same god had fix'd it in his heart! 486
So 'Troy, reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter, and in combat stand,
Whole sons now tremble at his darted spear,
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear. 490

He dauntless thus: 'Thou conqu'ror of the fair,
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou hast but done what boys or women can; 495
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel. 500
Where this but lights, some noble life expires,
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of sires,

Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves such objects as distract the fair.
Ulysses hastens, with a trembling heart. 505
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart :
Forth flows the blood ; an eager pang succeeds ;
Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,
The Greeks all fled the Trojans pouring on : 510
But stands collected in himself and whole,
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul.

What farther subterfuge ! what hopes remain ?
What shame, inglorious, if I quit this plain ?
What danger, singly if I stand the ground, 515
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around ?
Yet wherefore doubtful ? let this truth suffice ;
'The brave meets danger, and the coward flies :
'To die or conquer, proves a hero's heart :
And knowing this, I know a soldier's part. 520

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts prest ;
These, in the warrior, their own fate inclose :
And round him deep the steely circle grows.
So fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds 525
Of shouting huntsmen, and of clam'rous hounds ;
He grinds his iv'ry tusks ; he foams with ire ;
His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire ;
By these, by those, on ev'ry part is ply'd ;
And the red slaughter spreads on ev'ry side. 530
Pierc'd thro' the shoulder, first Deiopis fell ;
Next Ennomus and Thoon sunk to hell ;
Chersidamus, beneath the naval thrust,
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Charops, the son of Hippasus, was near ; 535
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear ;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus the brave, the gen'rous and the wise :
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.

O great Ulysses, much enduring man ! 540
Nor deeper skill'd in ev'ry martial slight,
'Than worn to toils, and active in the fight !
'This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
And end at once the great Hippasian race,

Or thou beneath this lance must press the field— 545
 He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield:
 Thro' the strong brass the ringing jav'lin thrown,
 Plow'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.
 By Pallas' care, the spear, tho deep infix'd,
 Stopp'd short of life; nor with his entrails mix'd. 550

The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew,
 Then furious thus, (but first some steps withdrew.)
 Unhappy man! whose death our hand shall grace;
 Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race!
 No longer check my conquests on the foe; 555
 But pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,
 And add one spectre to the realms below! }

He spoke, while Socus seiz'd with sudden fright
 Trembling gave way and turn'd his back to flight,
 Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart, 560
 And held its passage thro' the panting heart.
 Wide in his breast appear'd the grisly wound;
 He falls, his armour rings against the ground.
 Then thus Ulysses gazing on the slain:
 Fam'd son of Hippasus! there press the plain; 565
 There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,
 Heav'n owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
 Ah, wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,
 Thy dying eyes no tender mother close,
 But hungry birds shall tear those balls away, 570
 And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.
 Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
 With solemn fun'ral and a lasting tomb.

Then raging with intolerable smart,
 He writhes his body, and extracts the dart. 575
 The dart a tide of spouting gore pursu'd,
 And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
 Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
 Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
 Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears; 580
 The well known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
 Alarm'd, to Ajax 'Telamon he cry'd,
 Who shares his labours, and defends his side:
 O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear:
 Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near: 585

Strong as he is ; yet one oppos'd to all,
Oppres'd by multitudes the best may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair,
And feel a loss, not ages can repair.

Then where the cry directs, his course he bends :
Great Ajax, like the god of war attends. 591

The prudent chief in sore distress they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.

As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer ; 595

Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distils,
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills :

Till life's warm vapour issuing thro' the wound,
Wild mountain wolves the fainting beast surround ;

Just as their Jaws his prostrate limbs invade, 600
The lion rushes thro' the woodland shade,

The wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away ;
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.

Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A single warrior half an host sustains ; 605

But soon as Ajax heaves his tower-like shield,
The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field ;

Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
And sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew ; 610
And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew,

On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lysander bleeding on the ground.

As when a torrent, swell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains, 615

And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
A country's ruins ! to the seas are borne.

Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far, 620
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war :

Loud groans proclaim'd his progress thro' the plain,
And deep Scamandar swells with heaps of slain.

There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
The warrior's fury, there the battle glows ; 625

There fierce on foot, or from the chariots height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight,

The spouse of Helen dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound :
In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd, 630
And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.
To Nestor then Idomeneus began ;

Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son !
Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
And great Machaon to the ships convey. 635
A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.

Old Nestor mounts the seat : beside him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing god.
He lends the lash ; the steeds with sounding feet 640
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

But now Cibriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are slain ;
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain. 645

Before great Ajax see the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along !
I know him well distinguish'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the seven-fold shield.
Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds ; 650
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,
There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds ;
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds ; 655
Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcasses, and hills of shields.

The horses hoofs are bath'd in heroes gore,
And dashing, purple all the car before ;
The groaning axle sable drops distils, 660
And mingled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.

Here Hector plunging thro' the thickest fight,
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light :
(By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown ;)

Ajax he shuns, thro' all the dire debate, 665
And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late.
But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart :

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Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown,		670
Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.		
O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,		
And glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.		
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,		
Beset with watchful dogs and shouting swains,	675	
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,		
'Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,		
Long stands the show'ring darts, and missile fires :		
'Then sourly slow the indignant beast retires.		
So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd,	680	
While his swoln heart at ev'ry step rebell'd.		
As the slow beast with heavy strength endu'd,		
In some wide field by troops of boys pursu'd,		
'Tho' round his sides a wooden tempest rain,		
Crops the tall harvest and lays waste the plain ;	685	
Thick on his hyde the hollow blows resound,		
'The patient animal maintains his ground,		
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,		
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.		
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,	690	
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung ;		
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,		
Now turns, and backwards bears the yielding bands ;		
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,		
And threats his followers with retorted eye,	695	
Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,		
While hissing darts descend in iron show'rs :		
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,		
Its surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood ;		
And many a jav'lin guiltless on the plain,	700	
Marks the dry dust, and thirst for blood in vain.		
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,		
And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts ;		
Whose eager jav'lin launch'd against the foe,		
Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow ;	705	
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,		
And his slack knees desert their dying load.		
The victor rushing to despoil the dead,		
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled.		
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,	710	
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.		

Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
Yet thus retreating, his associates fir'd.

What god, O Grecians! has your hearts dismay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 'tis Ajax claims your aid. 715

This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage;
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior rescue and your country save.

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears, 720
Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they stand
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's sight,
'The hero rallies and renews the fight. 725

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
His coursers steep'd in sweet, and stain'd with gore,
The Greeks preserver, great Machaon, bore. 730
That hour, Achilles, from the topmost height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feasted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the slaying and the slain.
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast. 735
Strait to Menœtius' much lov'd son he sent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent.
(In evil hour! then fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!)

Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay, 740
Whate'er thy will Patroclus shall obey.

O first of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd,)
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
The time is come when yon despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost; 745
Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
For seen at distance, and but seen behind, 750
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, thro' yon cloud, discern his face,
The coursers past me with so swift a pace.

- The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
 Thro' intermingled ships and tents he past ; 755
 The chiefs descending from their car he found,
 The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
 The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
 To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
 Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale, 760
 Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale ;
 Then to consult on farther methods went,
 And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
 The draught prescrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
 Arsinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs ; 765
 (Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
 Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave :)
 A table first with azure feet she plac'd,
 Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd :
 Honey new press'd, the sacred flour of wheat, 770
 And wholesome garlic crown'd the sav'ry treat.
 Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
 A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings,
 From eldest times : emboss'd with studs of gold,
 Two feet support it, and four handles hold ; 775
 On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
 In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem to drink :
 A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
 When the brisk nector overlook'd the brim.
 Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine 780
 Pours a large potion of the Pramnian wine ;
 With goat's-milk cheese a flav'rous taste bestows,
 And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
 This for the wounded prince the dame prepares,
 The cordial bev'rage rev'rend Nestor shares ; 785
 Salubrious draughts the warriors thirst allay,
 And pleasing conference beguiles the day.
 Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
 Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
 Old Nestor rising then, the hero led 790
 To his high seat ; the chief refus'd and said :
 'Tis now no season for these kind delays,
 The great Achilles with impatience stays.
 To great Achilles this respect I owe ;
 Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe, 795

Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds,
 With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds.
 This to report my hasty course I bend,
 Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd) 800

Excite compassion in Achilles' mind ?
 Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know ?
 This is not half the story of our woe.

Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
 Our bravest heroes in the navy groan, 805

Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
 And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.

But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain!
 Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:

Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays, 810
 And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.

Chief after chief the raging foe destroys ;
 Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.

Now the slow course of all-impairing time
 Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime ; 815

Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
 When this bold arm th' Epeian pow'rs oppress'd,

The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
 And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!

Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains, 820
 And ours was all the plunder of the plains:

Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
 As many goats, as many lowing kine:

And thrice the number of unrival'd steeds,
 All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds. 825

These, as my first essay of arms, I won,
 Old Neleus glory'd in his conqu'ring son.

Thus Elis forc'd her long arrears restor'd,
 And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.

The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair, 830
 When the proud Elians first commenc'd the war.

For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain,
 Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!

Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest gain'd,
 My sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd. 835

(That large reprisal he might justly claim,
 For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,

When Elis' monarch at the public course
 Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse.)
 The rest the people shar'd; myself survey'd 840
 The just partition, and due victims pay'd.

Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,
 With many a courser, and with many a car;
 'The sons of Actor, at their army's head,
 (Young as they were,) the vengeful squadrons led.
 High on a rock fair Thryoessa stands, 846

Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands;
 Not far the streams of fam'd Alphæus flow;
 The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below.
 Pallas, descending in the shades of night, 850
 Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.

Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride;
 Myself the foremost; but my sire deny'd;
 Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms;
 And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms. 855
 My sire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled
 Amidst our chariots: for the goddess led.

Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
 Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
 There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite, 860
 And sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.
 Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame.
 To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.

There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid;
 An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid, 865
 A bull Alphæus; and a bull was slain
 To the blue monarch of the wat'ry main.

In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
 While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.
 Soon as the sun, with all revealing ray, 870
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day;

Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear;
 The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
 'The first who fell beneath my jav'lin bled,

King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede: 875
 (She that all simples healing virtues knew,
 And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)

I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led;
 Th' Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.

The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd, 880
 Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field :
 Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;
 Two chiefs from each, fell breathless to the plain.
 Then Actor's sons had dy'd, but Neptune shrouds
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds. 885
 O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
 Collecting spoils, and slaught'ring all along,
 Thro' wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the foes
 Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose ;
 'Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows. 890
 Ev'n there, the hindmost of their rear I slay,
 And the same arm that led, concludes the day ;
 Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
 There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,
 As first of gods, to Nestor, of mankind. 895
 Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood,
 So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
 Achilles with unactive fury glows,
 And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
 How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade 900
 Her hosts shall sink, nor his the pow'r to aid !
 O friend ! my memory recals the day,
 When gath'ring aids along the Grecian sea,
 I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Pthia's port,
 And enter'd Peleus's hospitable court. 905
 A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
 And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
 Thyself, Achilles, and thy rev'rend sire,
 Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
 Achilles sees us, to the feast invites : 910
 Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
 We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
 Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
 Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave,
 Peleus said only this—' My son be brave.' 915
 Menœtius thus : ' Tho' great Achilles shine
 ' In strength superior, and of race divine,
 ' Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend,
 ' Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend.'
 Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court, 920
 Words now forgot, tho' now of vast import.

Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;
Some fav'ring god Achilles' heart may move,
'Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love. 925

If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
If ought from heav'n with-hold his saving arm;
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear, 930

Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;
Press'd by fresh forces her o'erlabour'd train
Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.

This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent
Along the shore with hasty strides he went; 935

Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,
The public mart and courts of justice stand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,
And altars to the guardian gods arise;
There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son, 940

Large painful drops from all his members run,
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound.
The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart,
Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart. 945

Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus breast,
Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend address.

Ah, hapless leaders of the Grecian host!
Thus must ye perish on a barb'rous coast?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore, 950
Far from your friends, and from your native shore?
Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?

Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame?
And this the period of our wars and fame? 955
Eurypylus replies: No more, my friend,
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.

Ev'n to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
Her force increasing as her toil renews.
Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet, 960
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet,
But thou Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;

With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
With healing balms the raging smart allay, 965
Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two fam'd surgeons, Podalirius stands
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent, 970
Now wants that succour which so oft he lent.
To him the chief. What then remains to do?
Th' event of things the gods alone can view,
Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply : 975
But thy distress this instant claims relief.
He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.
The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor display'd :
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay, 980
Patroclus cut the forky steel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd ;
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infus'd.
The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow. 985

THE
I L I A D.

BOOK XII.

The Argument.

The Battle at the Grecian wall.

THE Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamus advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamus endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack, in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall; Hector also casting a stone of vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The care and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;
With gods averse th' ill-fated works arose;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victims slain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.

5

Without the gods, 'how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands!
This stood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd:

10

Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore, 15
 Then Ida's summits pour'd their watry store;
 Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
 Caresus roaring down the stony hills,
 Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
 And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source: 20
 And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main
 Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain:
 'These turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
 Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;
 The weight of waters sap the yielding wall, 25
 And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
 Incessant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
 And half the skies descend in slucy show'rs:
 The god of ocean marching stern before,
 With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore, 30
 Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
 And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
 Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood:
 No fragment tells where once the wonder stood:
 In their old bounds the rivers roll again. 35
 Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plains.

But this the gods in latter times perform:
 As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm:
 The strokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs:
 War thunder at the gates, and blood destain'd the tow'rs.
 Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay, 41
 Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:
 Hector's approach in ev'ry wind they hear,
 And Hector's fury every moment fear.
 He like a whirlwind toss'd the scatt'ring throng, 45
 Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
 So 'midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
 Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands:
 Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
 And hissing jav'lins rain an iron storm: 50
 His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,
 And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die;
 He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
 And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
 With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows: 55
 Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.

The panting steeds impatient fury breath,
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound, 60
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
The bottom bare, (a formidable show!)
And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
The foot alone this strong defence could force, 65
And try the pass impervious to the horse.
This saw Polydamus; who, wisely brave,
Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:
O thou! bold leader of our Trojan bands,
And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands! 70
What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No pass thro' those without a thousand wounds,
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown, 75
On certain dangers we too rashly run:
If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day destroy and bury all! 80
But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd,
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail, 85
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then ye warriors! and obey with speed;
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led;
Then all alighting wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot and Hector lead the way. 90
So Greece shall stoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.
This counsel pleas'd: the godlike Hector sprung
Swift from his seat, his clanging armour rung.
The chiefs example follow'd by his train, 95
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.

The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
And all obey their sev'ral chiefs' commands. 100
The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire :
Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
Polydamus, and brave Cebriones,
Before the next the graceful Paris shines, 105
And bold Alcathous, and Agenor joins.
The sons of Priam with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer ;
In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood, 110
And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,
The courser's fed on Selle's winding shore.
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on scountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd, 115
Whom Glaucus and Asteropaus aid,
Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.
Now with compacted shields in close array,
The moving legions speed their headlong way: 120
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.
While ev'ry Trojan thus, and ev'ry aid,
Th' advice of wise Polydamus obey'd ;
Asius alone, confiding in his car, 125
His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.
Unhappy hero ! and advis'd in vain !
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain ;
No more those coursers with triumphant joy
Restore their master to the gates of Troy ! 130
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall !
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain,
The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain ;
Swift thro' the wall their horse and chariots past, 135
The gates half open'd to receive the last.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies :
His following host with clamours rend the skies ;
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain !

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend, 141
Who from the Lapiths warlike race descend ;
This Polypoctes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the god of war.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise ; 145
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies :
Whose spreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground ;
High on the hills appears their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm. 150
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
Orestes, Acamas, in front appear,
And Oenomaus and Thoön close the rear ;
In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields, 155
In vain around them beat their hollow shields ;
'The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies and defend the wall.
Ev'n when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her tow'rs descend, 160
Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the war.
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men :
On ev'ry side the crackling trees they tear, 165
And root the shrubs and lay the forests bare ;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
Around their heads the whistling jav'lins sung,
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung ; 170
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian pow'rs :
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty tow'rs :
To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.
As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings 175
The dreary winter on his frozen wings ;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below.
So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampiers rolls the rocky show'r ; 180
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
 The frantic Asius thus accuses heav'n :
 In pow'rs immortal who shall now believe ! 185
 Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive ?
 What man could doubt but 'Troy's victorious pow'r
 Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour ?
 But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
 To guard the entrance of their common hive, 190
 Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings
 They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings ;
 A race determin'd, that to death contend :
 So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
 Gods ! shall two warriors only guard their gates, 195
 Repel an army, and defraud the fates ?
 These empty accents mingled with the wind,
 Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind ;
 To godlike Hector and his matchless might.
 Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight. 200
 Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
 And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide.
 Thro the long walls the stony show'rs were heard,
 The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.
 The spirit of a god my breast inspire, 205
 To raise each act to life, and sing with fire !
 While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
 Secure of death, confiding in despair ;
 And all her guardian gods in deep dismay,
 With unassisting arms deplor'd the day. 210
 Ev'n yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
 The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
 First Damasus, by Polypoetes' steel,
 Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor fell ;
 The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore ; 215
 The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more !
 Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath ;
 Nor less Leonteus strows the field with death ;
 First thro' the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
 Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword ; 220
 Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
 The faulchion struck, and fate pursu'd the stroke,
 Iamenus, Orestes, Menon, bled ;
 And round him rose a monument of dead.

Mean time the bravest of the Trojan crew,
Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue ; 225
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,
By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd ; 230
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
'Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies ;
A bleeding serpent of enormous size,
His talons truss'd ; alive, and curling round, 235
He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound :
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the wind's, and rends the heav'ns with cries :
Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies. 240
'They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke.
How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear, 245
For words well meant, and sentiments sincere ?
True to those counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thought is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight ; 250
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that pow'r which I obey.
Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain ;
Seek not, this day the Grecian slips to gain ;
For sure to warn us Jove his omen sent, 225
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
'The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize : 260
'Thus tho' we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
'Tho' these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
'Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed ;
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise : 265
For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.

To him then Hector with disdain return'd ;
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd ;)
 Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue ?
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong : 270
 Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
 Sure heav'n resumes the little sense it lent.
 What coward counsels would thy madness move,
 Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove ?
 The leading sign th' irrevocable nod, 275
 And happy thunders of the fav'ring god,
 These shall I slight ? and guide my wav'ring mind
 By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind ?
 Ye vagrants of the sky ! your wings extend,
 Or where the suns arise, or where descend ; 280
 To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
 While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.
 Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.
 But why should thou suspect the wars success ? 285
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less :
 Tho' all our chiefs amid yon ships expire,
 Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.
 Troy and her sons may find a gen'ral grave,
 But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave. 290
 Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
 Spread their cold poison thro' our soldier's breasts,
 My jav'lin can revenge so base a part,
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.
 Furious he spoke, and rushing to the wall, 295
 Calls on his host ; his host obey the call ;
 With ardour follow where their leader flies ;
 Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
 Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide : 300
 He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
 And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.
 Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,
 Close to the works the rigid siege they laid.
 In vain the mounds and mossy beams defend, 305
 While these they undermine, and those they rend ;
 Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall ;
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.

Greece on her rampart stands the fierce alarms ;
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms, 310
Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row ;
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
The bold Ajaxes fly from tow'r to tow'r,
And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian pow'r.
The gen'rous impulse ev'ry Greek obeys ; 315
Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant praise.

Fellows in arms ! whose deeds are known to fame,
And you whose ardour hopes an equal name !
Since not alike endu'd with force or art,
Behold a day when each may act his part ! 320
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge those who stand, and those who faint excite ;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations of fight ;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all ; 325
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall ;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian pow'rs ;
And now the stones descend in heavier show'rs. 330
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opens his cloudy magazine of storms ;
In winter's bleak uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain ;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep ; 335
Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep ;
And first the mountain tops are cover'd o'er ;
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore ;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men ; 340
The circling seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend 345
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend ;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
Till great Sarpedon tow'r'd amid the field ;
For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame. 350

In arms he shines conspicuous from afar,
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air ;
 Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
 Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold :
 And while two pointed jav'lines arm his hands, 355
 Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So, press'd with hunger from the mountains brow
 Descends a lion on the flocks below ;
 So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
 In sullen majesty, and stern disdain : 360
 In vain loud mastives bay him from afar,
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war ;
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way ;
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows 365
 With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.
 He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
 To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall ;
 Then casting on his friend an ardent look,
 Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke. 370

Why boast we, Glaucus ! our extended reign,
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd, 375
 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound ?

Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd ?
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above. 380

'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace ;
 The first in valour, as the first in place.
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state, 385
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate !

Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war. 390
 But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom ;

The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe ;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live, 395
Or let us glory gain, or glory give !

He said : his words the list'ning chief inspire,
With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire ;
The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight. 400
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld,
Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field :
Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaxes stood, 405
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls ; the din of helms and shields
Rings to the skies, and echoes thro' the fields,
'The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the
ground. 410

Then thus to Thoos :—Hence with speed (he said)
And urge the bold Ajaxes to our aid ;
'Their strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war ;
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course, 415
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at least, our tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe. 420
Swift as the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, thro' the martial throng ;
And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands ! 425
Your aid (said Thoos) Peteus' son demands,
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war :
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force : 430
But if too fiercely here the foes contend,
At least, let Telamon those tow'rs defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
'To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Strait to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care, 435
And thus bespoke his brothers of the war;
Now valiant Lycomedes! exert your might,
And brave Oileus, prove your force in fight:
'To you I trust the fortune of the field,
'Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd; 440
'That done expect me to complete the day—
Then, with his sev'n-fold shield, he strode away.
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian pow'rs, 445
Like some black tempest gath'ring round the tow'rs;
The Greeks, oppress'd their utmost force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in the unequal fight;
'The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the skies.
Fierce Ajax first th' advancing host invades, 451
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the strongest swain 455
Could heave th' unwieldy burden from the plain.
He pois'd, and swung it round; then toss'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
'The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown. 460
As skilful divers from some airy steep,
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murmur'ing to the shades the soul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew, 465
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host, 470
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height
Retir'd reluctant from the unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;
His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows, 475
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.

Alcmaon first was doom'd his force to feel ;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel ;
Then from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore ; 480
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies ;
It shakes ; the pond'rous stones disjointed yield ; 485
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.

A mighty breach appears ; the walls lie bare ;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.

At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his jav'lin at the foe ; 490

Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood ;

But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.

The prince gave back, not meditating flight, 495
But urging vengeance, and severer fight ;

'Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.

O where, ye Lycians ! is the strength you boast ?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue lost ! 500

The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain :

Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall ;
The force of pow'rful union conquers all.

This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew, 505
They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew ;

Unmov'd th' embody'd Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd support the weight of all the war ;

Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian pow'rs,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian tow'rs. 510

As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds ;

They tug, they sweat ; but neither gain nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field ;

'Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall ; 515
Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.

Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,

The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore. 520

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
 From-side to side the trembling balance nods,
 (While some laborious matron, just and poor,
 With nice exactness weighs her woolly store),
 'Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends 525
 Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends.
 So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might,
 With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
 Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies
 And fires his host with loud repeated cries 530
 Advance, ye Trojans ! lend your valiant hands,
 Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands !
 They hear, they run ; and gath'ring at his call,
 Rise scaling engines, and ascend the wall :
 Around the works a wood of glitt'ring spears 535
 Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
 A pond'rous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below :
 Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
 Such men as live in these degen'rate days. 540
 Yet this as easy as a swain could bear
 The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air :
 For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
 Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.
 Thus arm'd before the folded gates he came, 545
 Of massy substance, and stupendous frame ;
 With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
 On lofty beams of solid Timber hung.
 Then thund'ring thro' the planks with forceful sway,
 Drives the sharp rock : the solid beams give way. 550
 The folds are shatter'd ; from the crackling door
 Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
 Now rushing in, the furious chief appears
 Gloomy as night and shakes two shining spears ;
 A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came, 555
 And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
 He moves a god, resistless in his course,
 And seems a match for more than mortal force.
 Then pouring after, thro' the gaping space,
 A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place : 560
 The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly ;
 The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the sky.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.







